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## NOTICE.

Subscribers are respectfully informed that their yearly Subscriptions are now due. For terms see page 24.

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

A TITLE PAGE to the volume of THE INQUIRER for 1908 will be supplied on application to the office to those of our readers who want it for binding.

A QUESTION put by the *Christian Commonwealth* to a number of public leaders—“What is the one thing above all others for which the British people should strive in 1909?” has resulted in an interesting symposium. A large number thought the most urgent thing to strive for was the solution of the unemployed problem, others the reform or abolition of the House of Lords; Mr. Joseph Fels thought the freeing of the land for the people the most urgent question; Canon Rawnsley, the suppression of demoralising literature and criminous advertisements; Dr. Dawson Burns, national sobriety; and Mr. Keir Hardie, socialism. The Rev. J. Page Hopps replied, “Above all things just now: understand India, relax our grip, swallow our pride of rule and cease to treat Indians as helots in their own land.” Dr. J. Estlin Carpenter answered, “I am engaged in removal, and cannot stop to formulate one single object for the united energies of the British people except ‘Thy Kingdom Come.’ But I should say, socially, the solution of unemployment; politically, the vindication of the popular will against the House of Lords; internationally, peace; morally, temperance; religiously, Christian unity.”

THE Welsh churches are still feeling the backwash of the great revival. Of the four chief Nonconformist bodies within the principality, the Congregationalists are the strongest; the Calvinistic Methodists come second; the Baptists third, and the Wesleyan Methodists fourth. But, when the Welsh churches in England are added to those in Wales, the Calvinistic Methodists gain a slight preference over the Congregationalists. Altogether the four denominations have 535,880 church members and 562,355 Sunday scholars and teachers. The net decrease in church membership for the year is 9,375. Added to the decrease of 10,976 in 1907, this gives a total decrease for the two years of 20,351. But inasmuch as the increase of the four denominations during the Welsh revival was 87,782, the great backwash still leaves a net gain of 67,431.

THE *Daily Mail Year Book* for 1909 is an invaluable compendium of facts and figures, and a marvel at the modest price of sixpence. Divided into ten sections, the book begins with eighty pages of matter by expert writers on “Questions of the Day.” Section 2 is devoted to “Parliament and Politics.” Section 3 gives fifty pages of condensed biographies of People of To-day. Subsequent sections are concerned respectively with travel and traffic, the empire, foreign affairs, education, commerce and agriculture, finance, army and navy. All schools of thought are allowed free expression of their opinions. In a brief preface, in which the editor says that the note of the past year was one of unrest and disquiet, he explains that the object of the book is “to provide the reader of the paper, the student of politics and life, and the man who desires to know, with the essential facts necessary to understand the chief questions of the day—the things that do matter and that do make for the health of the State.”

IN the Wesleyan, and also in the other branches of the Methodist Church, last Sunday would be known as Covenant Sunday. Whether the influences that have affected the class meeting and rendered it less popular and less efficient than once it was have acted adversely to the observance of Covenant Sunday we do not know. But Covenant Sunday was at one time one of the holiest and most delightful days. To young people, the first attendance at a covenant service was an event never to be forgotten. There was a touch of mystery about it. An announcement from the pulpit reminded the congregation that members would be admitted by their “class” tickets.

Seriously disposed persons who wished to attend would have a note of admission from the minister. A service, the general tone of which was that of quiet devotion, included an address from the presiding minister, and then the reading of a solemn form of covenant between the believer and his Lord, in which the believer promised to follow the Master for better or for worse, to accept God's providence gratefully and patiently, to do God's will faithfully, to renounce the allurements of sin and the temptations of the evil one, and cleave to God with full purpose of heart. Those who accepted this covenant were asked to stand in sign of their allegiance. And the covenant was again sealed by a solemn communion service. Such was the covenant service as it is remembered without documentary evidence by the writer of this note. In those days the symbol P.S.A. had not been taken into use to indicate a form of free and easy service. But for those who entered into that covenant, who realised for one hour the solemn issues of life, who gained on that afternoon one ecstatic glimpse of the mystery of Godliness, there was a sense of joy and of a deep undercurrent of peace, for the sake of which a whole season of pleasant afternoons might be cheerfully surrendered. A man did not then patronise religion, and religion did not accommodate herself to him. He gave himself up and murmured to himself as he did so, “whose service is perfect freedom.”

WE may note for the benefit of our London readers that the print of Mr. Edmund New's drawing of “The Towers of Oxford,” to which we called attention before Christmas, may be seen at the Fine Art Society's Rooms, 148, New Bond-street, W.

WINIFRED HOUSE [INVALID CHILDREN'S HOME.—The committee, at a meeting held on December 21 last, passed a resolution expressing their deepest regret for the loss the Home and they themselves personally had suffered by the death of Miss Marian Pritchard, the honorary secretary of the Home since its foundation. The committee asked Mr. Ion Pritchard of 11, Highbury-crescent, and Miss Effie C. Turner, of The Grange, Church-street, Stoke Newington, to act as honorary secretaries until the next annual meeting of the Home.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications have been received from the following:—M. A., F. B., M. W. B., J. E. C., J. D. D. (many thanks), W. G. H., E. M., H. N., C. P., J. J. W.



## ILFORD UNITARIAN CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

### OPENING SERVICE AND MEETING.

THE new church, of which the memorial stones were laid in October, was opened on Saturday last, the proceedings being marked by much enthusiasm. The building is well situated on the High-road, near Connaught-road corner, with the Roman Catholic church on one side and the old parish church of St. Mary's, about a hundred yards or so away, on the other. Though not large, the new church architecturally does no discredit to its surroundings. It is built of red brick with stone dressings. The portion now completed consists of porch, nave, and chancel, vestry or classroom, an ante-room and the usual offices. There is seating accommodation for about 180 in the church. The timbers in the high-pitched open roof present the appearance of fumed oak. There is a fine stone Gothic window, filled with cathedral glass in the end of the building fronting the main road; and a smaller window of similar design in the chancel. The sides of the church are lighted by a range of dormer windows also filled with tinted glass. These are so built that they will remain undisturbed when the temporary sides are removed and the church enlarged by the addition of aisles. The artificial lighting is by both gas and electricity, either being sufficient in case of a temporary breakdown of the other; and the heating is by gas radiators. Parquetting has been adopted for the floors, and the chairs, which fill the nave, are specially designed with hat and book rests. Choir stalls of carved oak are in the chancel. There is also a reading desk, and the beautiful stone pulpit, which is the most striking feature of the interior, was a gift from Essex Church, Kensington. The cost of the building is about £950; or, with the freehold land, furniture, and incidentals, about £1,550. The extension scheme includes the enlargement of the church as indicated, the erection of a schoolroom at the back, and a second class room, and some day, perhaps, a tower. The architects are Messrs. Richards, Richardson & Gill, A.R.I.B.A., of 46, Great Russell-street, London, W.C., and the builders, Messrs. Brand, Pettit, & Co., of South Tottenham. The building was well advanced when the memorial stones were laid, and it has by no means been rushed. Admirable work has been put into it.

### THE OPENING.

The church was formally opened at 3.30 in the afternoon by Mr. Percy Preston, president of the London District Unitarian Society. Mr. Richards (architect), in the name of the church, asked Mr. Preston's acceptance of a silver key, suitably inscribed. Mr. Preston offered a short prayer, and then placing the key in the lock unfastened the door, and declared the church open for the worship of God and the service of man. The congregation then entered. In a very few minutes the building was filled. A little later, extra chairs were brought in, and before long the church was crowded, some having to stand.

There was a little speaking from the chancel steps prior to the service. Mr. E. R. Fyson, chairman of the church, said it was almost exactly three years since they

commenced to hold Unitarian services in Ilford, the first service taking place in the Seven Kings Central Hall, on the first Sunday in January, 1906. He briefly outlined the course of events which had led up to the building of the church, and spoke of the generous help and sympathetic encouragement received from prominent Unitarians in London and the provinces; also from the British and Foreign Unitarian Association and the Permanent Church Building Fund, the last named having granted them a loan free of interest. He emphasised the fact that they were frankly a Unitarian Church. They were not afraid of the name; they were rather disposed to delight in it. Certainly they had no cause to feel ashamed of their forefathers in the faith, nor of the great men and noble women of the immediate past, who were nurtured in Unitarian homes or adopted Unitarian views, and whose lives were as shining lights in the world to-day. He hoped the church would prove a living centre of Christian work and influence, and he expressed the thanks of the members to Mr. Preston for his kindness in coming to Ilford to declare their new sanctuary open. They were not within the area of the society over which Mr. Preston presided. They were just across the border-line, but they were near enough to feel the thrill of its activities, and to gather inspiration and courage from every stroke of work which the society did for the furtherance of the pure and simple faith to which they were attached.

Mr. PRESTON, in the course of a short encouraging address, said this was the third church in the neighbourhood of London that he had assisted in opening within the last three months. First there was Woolwich, then Kilburn, and now Ilford. It was a great delight indeed to see such a large gathering assembled to inaugurate another building for the propagation of their Unitarian faith. Of course, for some time to come there would be hard work for everybody. But he felt certain from the way in which they had gone on in the past that they intended to make their work in Ilford a perfect success. The district had grown by leaps and bounds. The population had increased from 10,000 or 12,000, eighteen years ago, to about 75,000. That was an enormous increase. At that time there were 15 churches of all denominations, including mission halls and everything of that kind. How many there were now he did not know, but it was very gratifying to find that there were a number of Unitarians who were prepared to make sacrifices in order to build a church for themselves. He hoped the church would grow and flourish exceedingly.

The opening service was conducted by the Rev. T. E. M. Edwards, and commenced with the hymn, "O Thou whose own vast temple stands." After the dedicatory prayer there was a Scripture lesson, and the hymn, "Come, labour on." The sermon was preached by the Rev. J. Page Hopps, from the words: "We trust in the Living God, who is the Saviour of all men." When you come to really think of it, said he, that is the fundamental truth. It is the "living" God we trust in—the living God, the God of the 20th century, the God of our modern standards

of justice, mercy, purity, truth; not the old god, who needed to be appeased with blood, but the God of Jesus, the infinite Father of us all. There were signs that the churches were all coming to this, and it would be a blessed day when they came round to it. It was quite possible the world might come round to it before the churches, and even he, old as he was, expected to live to see the churches bless the Unitarians for coming to close grips with their ancient heathenisms, and confess that they did splendid service, for which God must love them.

### THE PUBLIC MEETING.

After tea in the Ilford Reading Room, a public meeting was held in the church, which was again well filled. Mr Edgar Worthington, treasurer of the Provincial Assembly, took the chair.

A number of congratulatory communications sent to the hon. secretary (Mr. Arthur Beecroft) were read, and also several apologies for non-attendance. One of these, from the President-Elect of the United States, was dated from Hot Springs, Virginia, November 28, 1908, and read as follows:—"My dear Sir,—I beg to thank you for your kind words of congratulation. I take pleasure as a life-long Unitarian in sending my good wishes to your new Unitarian Church at Ilford.—Very sincerely yours, Wm. H. Taft."

The Rev. R. J. Campbell, of the City Temple, wrote:—

"Thank you for your kind invitation, which I would willingly accept if I could, but have no free date whatever for many months to come. Needless to say, I rejoice in the establishment of a new centre of intellectual liberty and spiritual life at Ilford."

Mr. John Harrison, president of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, telegraphed his heartiest wishes for the welfare of their young and promising church. Their success was a great encouragement to all who believed as thoroughly as he did in the vitality of the Unitarian cause.

Other letters were from Dr. Carpenter, Rev. W. H. Drummond, Rev. Charles Roper, Mr. Stanton W. Preston, Mr. H. Chatfield Clarke, Mr. Moses Wild of Dukinfield (with a special message for Mr. Hopps from friends at the Old Chapel), and from several local ministers of other denominations, among them the Rev. W. H. Jeffries, of the Seven Kings United Methodist Church, who was present at the stone-laying.

The CHAIRMAN, in his opening address, expressed the pleasure they all felt in joining with that congregation in congratulations on the accomplished fact of their new church. They had built in a centre of population which wanted a church of that kind. They would welcome into their fellowship all strivers after holiness, and seek to increase the feeling of neighbourliness among the churches. Their ideal would be to

"Ring in the valiant man and free,  
The larger heart, the kindlier hand,"

and to foster the reverent attitude of life, the attitude of looking up and not down, and of reverence for all that is natural and good, with Milton's prayer:



"But chiefly Thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer  
Before all temples the upright heart and pure,  
Instruct me."

They would have a great opportunity of ministering to those who were hungering for truth and those who needed love. There were many wise people who wanted love, and many who had love needed wisdom. The hunger of both of these they could satisfy. It was not simply to hold up a dogma that they were there. Dogmas were by-products of the spiritual life, and people wanted something more nutritious. He bade them always remember that he who would move the world must himself first be moved.

The Rev. V. D. DAVIS spoke of the happiness of that occasion, when they were entering into possession of their new home. They would be glad to remember that from their pulpit not only had the words of consecration been spoken that afternoon by Mr. Page Hopps, but while it was at Essex Church, Robert Collyer, Stopford Brooke, and other leaders of their faith had spoken. He reminded them that they were themselves to make there the living church, that each one must do his part and bring there the spirit of worship and of brotherliness and testimony to truth and righteousness, which would make their power of ministry to those about them. They were establishing there a Unitarian Christian Church, and he dwelt upon the meaning of each of those words—*Church* as the fundamental thing, in self-surrender to the living God; *Christian* as meaning trust in the Father, in the spirit of Jesus; and *Unitarian*, because that was the only way in which they could interpret the mind and heart of Christ. It might be a day of small things with them, and there would be need of much effort; but in the building of a home those were often the happiest times. He bade them God-speed in their work.

† Councillor J. H. SOUSTER, J.P., Chairman of the Urban District Council (a Wesleyan), said he was there in that capacity and as a citizen to wish them all success and God-speed. It was a red-letter day in the history of Unitarianism in that town. Any cause that made for the spiritual, moral, and intellectual welfare of the people had his earnest sympathy. Any church which had done as they had done in that town ought to be encouraged. His own work in the Council and theirs in the Church had much in common, in care for the education of the young, for the physical well-being of the people, and for their moral and spiritual welfare. The great and rapid growth of their population cast a grave responsibility on the churches, and they had risen to the occasion. He was glad of the spirit of optimism manifested on that occasion, and he wished them all success.

The Rev. J. PAGE HOPPS said that for years he had not been a great lover of churches and church-building, but had believed in going out into the open and asking people to come together there to hear, but coming into that pleasant home-like building revived his old liking for the church, and he joined in the good wishes of that day. In attendance at their services he urged them to be "twicers,"

like Mr. Gladstone. Such meetings together for worship ought to be a happier thing than they often were. Some hymn-tunes were like sour apples, and the whole thing wanted brightening up. He recalled a great convention of Unitarians he attended at Saratoga, in America, when a Presbyterian remarked that he had never seen such a set of handsome, clever, happy-looking people in his life. He had been reminded of it that afternoon, and he hoped they would prosper in their work and easily fill that church and soon have to enlarge its borders. He then went on to speak of various conceptions of God which had to be outgrown, and urged them not to be impatient, and to be more simple in their trust. They must realise their own littleness, and the thought, "Who, by searching, can find out God?" Yet the most certain thing of all was the existence of God. "I am certain of this," he said, "that this mighty universe, which is rightly a universe, has been one mighty whole, and must have some one adequate to it all—adequate to it in mind, in understanding, in sympathy, in love, in capacity to keep it going, and to keep steady the wonderful law of evolution, which law of evolution is the creation of the world. God never did create the world—God is creating the world; God never did make man—God is making man; and the greatest wonder of that creation, and of that evolution, is the fact of the Almighty, all-creative, all-sympathetic God. If anybody says to you, 'How did He begin?' I say, 'I do not know how I began. I do not know whether I lived before I came here.' All these things are beyond our faculties and our experiences. I am cherishing the hope that when I shuffle off this mortal coil I shall march out into brighter light, under wiser teachers, among better friends, into a vaster possession and vaster faculties, which may enable me to go on in the wonderful march, knowing more about myself and the wonderful universe, and more about Jesus my brother and God my Father."

Mr. H. G. CHANCELLOR recalled his own happy associations with the beginnings of that church, when they met in an upper room, where they had the presence of God with them and got very close to one another. In coming to the church he urged them to bring the "upper-room feeling" with them. They would gather as a family, with mutual interests, a family of the great Father. They had now come out to the front, close to the Roman Catholic Church, and they were to be a real catholic church, welcoming all in the one spirit of worship, members of the same great family. Two great things that church would stand for—Faith and Freedom. Their faith in God was vital to them. That was why they were gathered in that church. He offered them his earnest good wishes.

The Rev. J. A. PEARSON followed in the same spirit, urging them to make people feel they were glad to be there, and to let their experience in worshipping together be a happy one. He bade them go forward and be strong for the good life there in Ilford.

Mr. E. R. FYSON, as treasurer, then made a financial statement as to the total cost. They had received much help,

and especially a loan of £575 from the Church Building Fund, to be repaid in about twelve years. They were anxious to get down to that loan, with no other liability. That morning they wanted £100 to clear everything, down to the loan. The collection that afternoon had been £8 3s. 7d., and that evening £3 15s. 6½d. Close upon £40 had been received from friends who were absent, making £51 7s. 3d., so they were half-way there.

A vote of thanks to the Chairman and speakers and to Mr. Page Hopps for his sermon was passed on the motion of Mr. John Kinsman, seconded by Mr. W. J. Pillow, and after a closing hymn Mr. Hopps pronounced the benediction.

On Sunday morning the Rev. T. E. M. Edwards preached to a good congregation, and in the evening the Rev. W. Copeland Bowie, when the church was crowded.

#### THE HERETIC.

"WHOM YE IGNORANTLY WORSHIP."  
Greater than love can show,  
Or spirits know  
(That halt, all weary, on the endless way  
Whereon, till self be lost,  
Longings are spurned and crossed),  
Is the Eternal still unnamed of men.

Greater than souls can guess,  
In helplessness  
Petitioning for joys no heaven can grant  
Till we have lain aside  
Sin, and the lust of pride,  
Is the Unchanging whence all joy must come.

Greater than birth and death,  
(Each prophet saith),  
And the world's memory, stored from age to age;  
Vaster than suns afar,  
Ocean, and sky, and star,  
Is the Immutable that flows through all.

Yet is He very part  
Even of my heart,  
That beats its rhythm out as life requires;  
Passionate with a sense  
Of mystic immanence,  
The Christ re-born unceasingly in man.

Greater than stars and sun,  
Eternal One!  
I that must worship far from those who claim  
The elect's felicity,  
Have felt the stir in me  
Of hidden roots that yet may flower in faith.

And, with the stress of pain  
Fashioned again  
Out of the dust old shattered hopes have strewn;  
A self myself within,  
To timeless love akin,  
Dreams what new worlds and greater gods shall be.

LAURA ACKROYD.

IN the Year's Record last week, under *Ministerial Changes*, we ought to have included the name of the Rev. H. W. Perris as retired from active service, on leaving Forest Gate, after 36 years of ministry at Warrington, Norwich, Hull, and Forest Gate successively.



## THE GOAL OF PHILANTHROPY.\*

IN his description of "the perfect agitator," Kirkman Gray has reminded us how, for Socrates, the State was "like a great and noble steed . . . tardy in his motions," and how the insistent Athenian himself was "that gad-fly which God has given the State . . . fastening upon you, arousing and persuading and reproaching you." The agitator is shown us as "a troublesome man," whose task is not to act "but to insist on the end for which action is to be undertaken," a man who combines "the detachment of the recluse with the aggressiveness of the demagogue." I have little doubt that in some respects the writer of those words saw himself in the character he was describing; and if I venture affectionately to apply these whimsical phrases to the memory of my friend, it is because they throw light upon his personality as they did upon that of Socrates.

At once extraordinarily lovable and extraordinarily uncompromising, Kirkman Gray belonged, and will always belong, for those who knew him at all intimately, to those startlingly prophetic men who have a message they must deliver to their generation, and are far removed by that function from the amiable gossips, time-servers, story-tellers of the age. That message is partially embodied in the volume before me. It forms the sequel and companion to his "History of English Philanthropy" (1905). Readers of that pregnant book will remember the question asked at its very beginning, "What is the meaning and worth of philanthropy?"; and the declaration at the end, of a certain real separation in the past between politics and philanthropy. The politician and the philanthropist were at work in separate fields, with different, even opposing purpose. "It was the philanthropic aim to increase the force and improve the quality of human life," while the political aim was conceived as the Power or Wealth of the Nation as a State among States.

The present volume was designed to prove that "private philanthropy cannot provide a remedy for widespread want which results from broad and general social causes; that it ought not to be expected to do so; that the provision of such remedies is the proper responsibility of the State, and should be accepted as such." Some parts of the work remained unwritten at the time of Mr. Gray's sudden death—especially the latter parts which were to have suggested the social function of the individual citizen, and the true goal of philanthropic effort. This we may seek in the consummation of that remedial social work which is even more concerned with prevention than with cure; work which leads now to the purposive organisation of that still chaotic life we call "society." The goal, both of politics and philanthropy, he conceived to be no compulsory economic equality, but a progressive minimum, "a limit below which inequality shall

not go." In a too brief note on *The Reservoir of Power* at the end of the volume there is an illuminating indication of his final thought. He believed in "the common man," "the average man," as the reservoir. "There is no lack of power. The common men will live strongly, given the chance." It does not follow, of course, they will live rightly. "Life may be strong, yet ideals of life faulty, and education for life imperfect. The fitting complement to the present study of life-conditions is a study of education as influenced by social ideals. . . We have heard too much of restraint, and have conceived liberty too narrowly. 'Let My people go that they may serve Me.' " Such is the note on which this second volume closes.

Both volumes were the natural outcome of grim and terrible years spent in playing the rôle of a philanthropic worker among the London poor. He emerged from that period broken in health, and burdened with mental agony. Philanthropy appeared to him then, not only as ineffective in itself, but as an actual preventive of effective aid; its dreadful office the concealment of social guilt and social responsibility. While never wholly abandoning this attitude of stern and righteous criticism, he came to appreciate the proper place and real value of philanthropic work and its right relation to Government action; and the present volume is a careful statement of his mature judgment on these matters. As such it is of the first importance to every sociologist and social worker.

For there were few minds of our generation equally fitted for this task. Kirkman Gray combined, under that power of passionate loyalty wherein he recognised the co-ordinating principle of human life, a keen sympathy with a ruthless analytical insight. His powers of synthetic thought and of original re-action from research were also great. These humanised his work, and have given, especially to this study of Social Politics, a startling dynamic suggestiveness as invaluable as it is unique. We forget for a moment that it is a posthumous work, it is so full of a man's force and promise. It is a prophetic book which throbs with the determined purpose of a strong and devoted spirit.

"Philanthropy and the State" has been my Christmas reading this year, and through all the season of goodwill it has kept before my eyes the pitiful procession of the "objects of charity," dwellers or sojourners in hospitals, work-houses, prisons, reformatories, and the dreadful limbo of the slum—the whole grey pageant of England's woe. From the formation of the Society for Superseding the Work of Climbing Boys (Chimney Sweeps) in 1803, to the Acts of 1906 and 1908 relating to School Meals and Old Age Pensions, the gradually widening progress of philanthropic thought and effort has passed before me in these pages. That progress has been marked by "the breaking down of the simple old doctrine of individualism," a breaking down by agents—officers and inspectors—who clung, in spite of the remorseless logic of their own action, to that doctrine. They did not understand or foresee that new social faith "as yet undetermined," whereof

the volume under review is so suggestive. Thus their story is of that fascinating kind, the history "of a confused idea," which shows society struggling forward, urged on by necessity and goodwill against "the drag of a laggard philosophy."

The pivotal chapter of the book is the last in Part I. After describing the part played in the evolution of philanthropic thought and work by investigation and the accumulation of statistics which, with the rise of imaginative insight into human interdependence destroyed the old belief in *laissez-faire*; the part played also by State inspectors in establishing a new co-partnership between society and the parents in the (working class) home; the creation of a new social power through the civic renaissance of the latter half of the century, with its idea of *good* self-government and its corporate energy; the setting up first of the Board and then of the Department of Health; the change of attitude in the administration of the Poor Law, from the mere relief of extreme poverty ("destitution") to that of the maintenance of a (minimum) standard of life—after describing this advance in social politics the historian brings us to the problem of the organisation of charity, or, as he describes it, "the counter current."

It is especially to be regretted that the writing of this chapter had not been carried further; but even in the incomplete condition in which it is necessarily presented it is of great interest. It raises the question "whether organised charity is really the thing we want," "whether the organisation of charity is the correct method for scientific benevolence to adopt"; and, after a frank appreciation of the work of the C.O.S., it answers in the negative. I cannot here follow out the author's argument, but it may thus be summarised in a few words:—The attempt to organise charity rests on a false view of society, a view, that is, which does not recognise the intimacy of social interdependence. Thus, organised charity has come to stand in the way of this recognition by the community. It denies the responsibility of the citizen, *as citizen*, for the well-being of the feeble and poor, and relegates this instead to the care of the "charitable" (i.e., the well-to-do), and emphasises a class distinction which the humanitarian spirit of true philanthropy repudiates. The organisation of charity stands opposed to the organisation of society, in so far as it is based on the denial that the Democratic State itself is the guardian of its weaker and more incapable members. The service of the philanthropist to-day is not so much to undertake the responsibility of active benevolence or "charitable work" as to bring home to the mass of his fellow citizens their civic duty.

The second part of the volume deals with State intervention in philanthropic work, and the several forms it has taken. In elementary education and lunatic asylums it has "annexed" most of the work undertaken by philanthropists; responsibility for the relief of sickness is still in a state of "partition"; Government "co-operates" with voluntary associations for prisoners' aid, and "super-vises" their work in reformatories. It "co-ordinates" their efforts for inebriate

\* "Philanthropy and the State, or Social Politics." By B. Kirkman Gray, author of "A History of English Philanthropy." Edited by Eleanor Kirkman Gray and B. L. Hutchins. (London: P. S. King & Son, 345 pp. 7s. 6d. net.



homes, and entirely "delegates" its responsibility for the prevention of cruelty to children. The information collected and surveyed in these chapters is felt to be full of significance, and notably all that which bears upon the problem of "the children of the State," in workhouse, prison, and reformatory.

In his study of public health, Kirkman Gray made it clear that this great department of social responsibility must come to include the maintenance of a minimum standard of nourishment and vitality as the greatest of all preventive measures, and the proper allotment, especially in adolescence, of individual work to individual powers. It must also embrace the guarantee of economic conditions very different from those which to-day handicap the large class of orphans and children of widows, prisoners, or sufferers from disease. The realisation of our responsibility for public health is thus seen as finally decisive in our whole attitude towards the social problem.

Of the many passages which I should like to have quoted if my space permitted, the following remains in my mind as among the most characteristic and suitable with which to conclude this review:—"The actual achievements of the town improver may seem sordid and trivial. . . The clear policy of these men had little conscious resemblance to religious enthusiasm, world-wide problems, or communal fantasy. They found the death-rate appallingly heavy, and they wanted to clean the towns. The discrepancy between the dull routine of drainage and the ideal of a *New Moral World* is striking enough, and at every point is the contrast between the actual and the ideal. The method was different because the tasks were not the same. It is much easier to found a community which may perish in a night than a city which must outlive the generations. He whose ambition reaches to this long lasting work the lowliest burdens on himself must lay."

HENRY BRYAN BINNS.

#### THE HASTINGS DICTIONARIES.

THE five-volume Dictionary of the Bible, edited by Dr. James Hastings, and published by Messrs. T. & T. Clark (1898-1904), was followed by the "Dictionary of Christ and the Gospels," by the same editor and publishers, in two volumes (21s. net each volume), the first of which appeared in 1906, and the second last year. To these is now to be added "A New Dictionary of the Bible," complete in one volume of 1,000 pages (20s. net). This is not an abridgement of Dr. Hastings' larger work, but an entirely new work, independently prepared. It is already complete, and is announced for publication this month. And already Dr. Hastings is embarked upon another and a much greater work, for he published last autumn, as we noted at the time, the first volume of an "Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics" (Messrs. T. & T. Clark, 28s. net), to be completed in ten volumes. Its aim is "to give a complete account of religion and Ethics throughout the world," and within the scope of Religion and Ethics to include "all the questions that are most keenly debated in Psychology and in

Socialism, while the title may be said to embrace the whole of Theology and Philosophy." It is a task such as only an indomitable courage and a genius for editing could undertake with any hope of success. Dr. Hastings has proved his high capacity for such work, yet, judging from the appearance of the first volume, which does not even complete the first letter of the alphabet, but takes us only up to "Art," it is difficult to see how, on the scale here represented, the work can possibly be completed in ten volumes. The old "Herzog" of 1854-64, in eighteen volumes, got well into the "B's" in its first volume, and in some departments Dr. Hastings has planned his Encyclopædia on a much more elaborate scale. Thus "Architecture" alone fills nearly 100 of the 900 pages of this volume, and comprises twenty-one separate articles on the architecture of various races and ages, ranging in the alphabetical order from Aegean and American to Shinto and Slavonic; while "Art" is also elaborately treated, in various articles, filling altogether seventy-six pages, followed by fourteen pages of fine illustrations. Another group of articles is on "Ancestor Worship and Cult of the Dead," occupying forty-two pages, while to "Animals" over fifty pages are devoted, gathering up a large amount of information, and many curious stories, as to the part played by various animals in the primitive religious conceptions of many races. Articles on "Anthropology," "Anthropomorphism," "Apologetics," "Apostolic Age," "Apostolic Succession," and, earlier in the volume, on "Abiogenesis," "Adoption," "Ages of the World" (a group of articles occupying nearly twenty-eight pages), "Altar," "Altruism," "Ambrose," "Anabaptists," "Anæsthesia," "Anarchy and Anarchism," "Anaxagoras," will give some idea of the variety of matter to be found in this volume. The article on "Alexandrian Theology" is by Professor W. R. Inge. Professor Rhys Davids contributes a number of articles on Buddhist subjects.

A few words may be added here on the second volume of the "Dictionary of Christ and the Gospels." It concludes with an appendix of articles on "Christ in the Early Church," "Christ in the Middle Ages" and in other periods, concluding with "Christ in Modern Thought," and then follows an article of rather more than five pages on "Christ in Jewish Literature," by the Rev. R. Travers Herford, whose book on "Christianity in Talmud and Midrash" (1904) is the standard work in this country on the subject of the earlier part of this article. It is not a pleasant subject, except at the close, when we find modern Jewish writers at last attempting a genuine and sympathetic study of the life and character of Jesus. The references in the Talmud are very few, and of no historical significance. They afford no ground, Mr. Herford says, for correcting the narrative of the Gospels. "There is also no warrant for arguing, from Talmudic allusions, that Jesus actually lived a hundred years before the time usually accepted as the date of his birth. An equally good case might be made out for placing them a century after that date." The mediæval caricature, which repre-

sented Jesus as a vulgar impostor, is elaborated from the Talmudic references, but, says Mr. Herford, "there is good ground for saying that this book was not countenanced by the best representatives of the Jewish religion, and did not express their opinion." It remains, he adds, "an unseemly relic of evil days, but still claiming a place in mediæval literature; and if it bears witness against those who wrote it, it does so no less against those whose cruelty drove them to write it." Entirely different in tone are the studies of modern Jewish writers, Grätz, Jost, J. H. Weiss, and the contributors to the Jewish Encyclopædia, and Mr. Herford concludes with a quotation from an article by Mr. C. G. Montefiore in the *Jewish Quarterly Review* of 1894 (p. 381 ff.) expressive of frank admiration and reverence towards Jesus, and a full recognition of his spiritual grandeur. There is also an article on "Christ in Mohammedan Literature," and the volume concludes with an article on "Paul" by Professor Sanday. We noted in the first volume the contributions of the Rev. Edgar Daplyn. In this volume we find four articles of his, on "Liberty," "Organisation," "Perplexity," and "Pre-meditation." That on Organisation is the longest, occupying more than four columns. It traces the primitive conception of "the Church" to be found in the N.T. literature, beginning, Mr. Daplyn thinks, "in the mind of Christ, free, unlimited, the universal Kingdom of God, with no sacred seasons, sanctuaries, or priesthood." But ought we to say that there was any idea of "Church" in the mind of Christ? Is not the "Kingdom of God" to which he gave his life something different? The Church, it appears to us, grew up out of the after-needs of the disciples, not out of any intention of the Master.

#### SHORT NOTICES.

An interesting *Record of the Proceedings of the First International Moral Education Congress*, held at the University of London September 25-29, 1908, has been issued by the committee. There is first a narrative of the steps which led to the holding of the Congress, and a record of the resolutions passed, with a memorandum by Professor J. H. Muirhead, of Birmingham, giving his general impressions of the outcome of the Congress. Especially notable is his account of the clear and amicable statement to the Congress of the conflicting views as to the relation between moral education and religion. The vital connection between the two, says Professor Muirhead, is often misrepresented. "It is put on a false footing, and the faith itself compromised and forfeited, rather than fortified, by the advocacy of those who seek in it a supernatural sanction for moral conduct. But this ought not to prejudice us against religion, or blind us to the real influence which it has in purifying and refining character and in furnishing the natural breath of spiritual graces—humility, fortitude, resignation, hope, trust, joy—which live with difficulty in the more rarified atmosphere of Positivist belief." There is one curious mistake in the record. On p. 45, in the discussion on the relation of Religious Education to Moral Education, the speech of a Japanese gentleman



is attributed to Mr. Hojo, the delegate of the Japanese Minister of Education, who, however, was not present. The speaker was Mr. Honda, of Tokio, who commented on the paper contributed by his fellow-countryman to the Congress, remarking, "All Japanese do not think alike, however similar our faces may look to you." The speaker was correctly named in *The Times* report, and we referred to his speech and to Mr. Hojo's paper in *THE INQUIRER* of October 17. We are glad to see that the committee comes out of the Congress in a very satisfactory financial position, with a balance of £350, and a remaining liability estimated at only £100. Congress subscriptions and day tickets brought in £693 16s. 11d., and there were also donations amounting to £629 19s. 2d., including two donations of £150 from Mr. Carnegie and Mrs. Winkworth, £24 19s. 9d. from Professor Felix Adler, and £64 0s. 5d. from the German Society for Ethical Culture. (David Nutt. 1s. net.)

*The Charm of Venice*, an anthology, compiled by Alfred H. Hyatt, is rich, as one would expect, in fascinating things. There is a passage from Mr. Stopford Brooke's little book (of 1907) on "The Sea Charm of Venice," and also four of his poems of an earlier date. Close upon a hundred authors have been called into contribution to the anthology, Ruskin, J. A. Symonds, George Sand and Lord Houghton being most largely drawn upon, and, of course, Byron and Shelley, Clough and Browning. (Chatto & Windus, 2s. net; in leather, 3s. net.)

Mr. Albert Broadbent's *Threepenny Treasures* and *Penny Miniatures* are doing an admirable work, which deserves all encouragement, in popularising some of the gems of literature. Of the *Treasures* 200,000 have now been issued. Of *Sutton's Rose's Diary*, 13,000; of the *Whittier Treasury* and also of the *Emerson Treasury* 20,000, and of the *Treasury of Consolation* 42,000. The last to be issued is a *Nature Treasury*. The *Miniatures* are *In Praise of Duty*, *of Ministry*, *of Friendliness*—dainty little booklets to enclose in letters to friends. (Albert Broadbent, 257, Deansgate, Manchester.)

*Sketches from Life in Town and Country*, and some verses, by Edward Carpenter, contains some vivid prose sketches of life in this country, and one of native Indian life. There is also an amusing bit of autobiography, "Saved by a Nose," and an admirable portrait of the author. To the verses, which include "England, Arise!" are added a few translations. Among them this of Goethe's "Ueber allen Gipfeln":—

O'er every mountain peak  
Is peace;  
High in the topmost trees  
Canst thou trace  
Hardly a breath;  
The birds sleep on the bough.  
Wait, soon shalt thou,  
Too, be at peace.

Another translation is of the "Prologue in Heaven," from Goethe's "Faust." (George Allen, 5s. net.)

*Ungilded Gold, or Nuggets from the King's Treasury*. Selected Passages from the Bible, arranged for Daily Devotional Reading by Joseph Parker. (James Clarke & Co. 1s. 6d. net; lambskin, 2s. 6d. net.)

## OBITUARY.

### MRS. S. WOOLCOTT BROWNE.

A MEMORIAL notice of Mrs. S. Woolcott Browne, whose death on the 28th ult., at her residence, 58, Porchester-terrace, we recorded last week, will appear in next week's *INQUIRER*, together with the address given by Dr. Carpenter at the funeral on New Year's Day at Highgate Cemetery.

### MRS. LOUIS HYDE.

THE congregation at Stockport have suffered a heavy blow in the death of Mrs. Louis Hyde, of Bredbury Hall, which took place on New Year's Day, as the result of influenza followed by pneumonia. She was only thirty-one years of age, the wife of Mr. Louis Hyde, son of the late Walter Hyde (for many years town clerk of Stockport), and the fifth daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Johnson, of Brinnington House. Of a bright and happy nature, she was a valued worker in connection with the Unitarian Church, which she had attended all her life, and greatly loved by all who knew her. At the funeral service, which was held in the church on Tuesday morning, the Rev. B. C. Constable officiated, and in the course of a short address spoke of the high esteem and affectionate regard in which Mrs. Hyde was held. The happy recollection of her bright and sunny spirit, her sympathetic nature, and her helpful ways, robbed the parting somewhat of its sting. Life, he said, is not always measured by length of days. Thirty years of joyous sunshine were better than sixty of depressing dulness, and although it seemed an awful thing for the thread of life to be snapped in twain so soon, they must not forget to be devoutly thankful for God's loan to them of such a life for even so short a span. Mr. Edwin T. Heys officiated at the organ. The interment was in the borough cemetery.

### MR. JAMES MELLOR.

ANOTHER gentle soul has gone to rest in the passing of Mr. James Mellor, of "Hough Hole," Rainow, Macclesfield, as the new year came in. His was a bright and happy disposition, carrying his 75 years lightly until a few months ago; and even when ailing his manner to young and old was cheeriness itself. Born a member of an old Swedenborgian family in Rainow, Mr. Mellor settled, when a young man, in Manchester as a manufacturing chemist. But when the present writer first knew him, about twenty years ago, he had retired, and come to live, with wife and family, in Macclesfield. Failing to find a congenial resting place in any of the other churches, he went to hear a lecture on Swedenborg by the late Rev. Joseph Freeston, then minister of King Edward-street Chapel. He was so charmed with the appreciation of his subject shown by the lecturer, that he went again, and found himself in perfect harmony with all he heard.

He and Mrs. Mellor became firm friends of the minister and members of the congregation, who elected him a trustee of the chapel when new ones were needed; so his interest in the old chapel remained even

when he removed again to Manchester and joined, with his family, the Longsight congregation. This chapel he generously supported, both by his presence and material help, until he returned to the home of his fathers, Hough Hole, Rainow, about four years ago, when distance, and latterly impaired hearing, made attendance for him of any place of worship difficult.

He was buried on Tuesday, January 5, in Rainow Churchyard, the Rev. W. Cadman conducting the services at Hough Hole House and the graveside.

### MR. GEORGE TAYLER, J.P.

MR. GEORGE TAYLER, who passed away on Tuesday week, at his residence, Mount House, Guildford, in his 84th year, was the oldest borough magistrate and had been twice mayor of the town. A son of the late William Tayler, solicitor, of Spitalfields, he first settled at Guildford in 1861, and save for an absence of seven years, remained there to the close of his life. He was by profession a barrister, and an authority on the Poor Law and on engineering questions. Subsequently he was appointed Inspector of Audits under the Local Government Board, and retired some years ago on a pension. He was a prominent Liberal, a Unitarian, a leader of the co-operative movement in the town, and was active also in the management of the County Hospital. The funeral service at the Godalming Old Cemetery on Saturday was conducted by the Rev. G. B. Stallworthy, of Hindhead, an old friend of the deceased, and there was a representative attendance, including the Mayor of Guildford, the ex-Mayor of Godalming, Sir John Rotton and others. Mr. George Ward was present from the Ward-street Church, with which Mr. Tayler was for many years closely associated.

### MR. GEORGE DODD.

THE Church of the Saviour, Whitchurch, Salop, mourns the loss of Mr. George Dodd, one of its oldest and most loyal supporters. Mr. Dodd, who had been suffering more or less for the past two years, passed away on Sunday, Dec. 27, at the age of 57. His interment took place in the parish churchyard on Wednesday, Dec. 30. A service was first held in the Church of the Saviour, conducted by the Rev. W. J. Pond. There was a very large congregation, some having to stand during the service. Amongst those present were members of the Whitchurch Urban District Council, of the Fire Brigade, Territorials, and Ancient Order of Foresters, Mr. Dodd having been an active member of the above. In business Mr. Dodd was a builder and contractor, in politics he was a staunch Liberal, in religion a Unitarian. To the Church of the Saviour his death means a serious loss. He was one of the first to associate himself with the church when it was founded in 1877, and during his 31 years' membership was only very occasionally absent from its services; he was its treasurer and a trustee. On Sunday the 3rd inst. memorial services were held in the church, when, in the evening especially, there was a very large and representative gathering.



## THE CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

A WEEK of the New Year has gone already! A happy year to you, dear children; and one full of strength and love and resolution.

A little more I will say about the sentence of which I spoke to you last week.

"Under no circumstances, whether of pain, or grief, or disappointment, or irreparable mistake, can it be true that there is not something to be *done* as well as something to be suffered."

I want to tell you the story of a boy whom I got to know in the infirmary of the workhouse. He was in the workhouse because he had no friends or relations to care for him; and he was in the infirmary because he was ill. He had a very bad leg, and was unable to walk or stand. He was almost entirely in bed, only now and then getting into a chair on wheels, in which he could wheel himself out on to the balcony, to sit awhile in the sun. All round him were sick men, in their rows of white beds, some with terrible coughs; and night and day Tom saw nothing else, except when one or other of the poor sick men was released by death, and carried away. He was often sad and downcast, with so little to keep him cheerful. Once when I went to see him he looked very grave, but he only said in a rather sad voice, "We had a lively time since you were here last week; five of the men died, and two of them were in those beds beside me."

The boy learnt to do some wood-carving, and he had a little table on his bed on which to do it as he sat up. He liked it very much, and began to learn to do it nicely; it was a pleasant way to spend some of the long hours. But the poor boy had to have many painful operations on his leg, and often he was not fit to do anything, and could not sit up in bed. You would think that for *him* at least there was nothing to be *done* as well as suffered. There was no hope for him of any home to go to, even if he got better, and his poor leg never got any better. But when I went away in the summer he used to write to me sometimes; and in one of his letters he said that he had had another operation on his leg, and that he was to have still another. He said: "I don't care to think about it. But never mind: '*Cheer up*,' that's my motto." Poor lad, he had found something to *do*, in the midst of suffering. If you think what it must have been to a young boy like that to be always in bed—no running about, no cricket, no football or climbing, and none of these to look forward to, only lameness all his life, even if he were able to get up from his bed—then I think you will agree that it was *doing* a great deal to find the courage to say "*Cheer up*," that's my motto."

After some time a friend got him taken to a nice hospital at the sea-side, and he is there now; and though I am afraid his leg will never be better, and he may have to lose it, he is better in health, and very happy.

I asked him if he would like a book for a Christmas present, or whether there was anything he would like better; and he wrote this in reply: "You ask me if

I would like anything else instead of a book there is and that is a fonting pen that would be very useful to me because I am always wright to some body anothe we are not aloud to have a ink bottle so every body I wright to I always get alone of a pen you see a bottle of ink gets up set on the bed." So a nice little pen called a "Red Dwarf" has gone to him. I believe the poor boy never had any schooling to speak of; but he can read, and write as you see.

That is a true story. There is another very short and funny one, which illustrates what may happen to those who *do not* and to those who *do* find something to do as well as something to suffer.

Two frogs fell into a bowl of cream; one was quite sure that he could not keep afloat, so he gave up trying, and let himself sink to the bottom and was drowned; the other started swimming, and swam round and round so fast and vigorously that presently he found himself sitting on a nice comfortable pat of butter.

Sometimes you get blamed for something you did not do, and you cannot clear yourself, or not without blaming someone else, which would be ungenerous. Then you may have much to bear, but you have plenty to do in bearing the blame bravely, and behaving well to those who blame you. "Hard to do," you will say. Yes, but not impossible to any good soldier who means to fight a good fight, to do the right, and bear the consequences.

"Be strong!

We are not here to play, to dream, to drift,

We have hard work to do, and loads to lift.

Shun not the struggle; face it; 'tis God's gift.

Be strong!

Say not the days are evil; Who's to blame?

And fold the hands and acquiesce. O shame!

Stand up, speak out, and bravely in God's name

Be strong!

It matters not how deep-entrenched the way,

How hard the battle goes, the day how long.

Faint not, fight on!

To-morrow comes the song."

GERTRUDE MARTINEAU.

## A LETTER AND A NEW YEAR'S GREETING.

FROM THE PRESIDENT OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL ASSOCIATION.

December 31, 1908.

It is strange that the most important sentence in the prayer which Jesus left us has become associated not with happiness and brightness and cheerful service but with sorrow and disappointment and gloom. "Thy will be done" is linked in our thoughts with resignation to failure, to calamity, to death. But why do we not rather see its connection with the sunshine of life, with the accomplishment of good, with the progress of humanity, with the *happiness* of God's will fulfilled? If His will were done on earth as it is in heaven, His kingdom would be on earth

as it is in heaven. And with the coming of His kingdom—the doing of His will—not calamity or failure or disappointment or despair would be there, but all the bright and beautiful and happy things of mortal and immortal life. We should there and then "turn to God a smiling face," and He would "smile on us again."

"Thy will be done" is the loftiest, the brightest, the most potent of all prayers. The registration of this as the charter of life is the moulding of a human being into the image of God. The carrying out of this as the unalterable law of our every thought and action is the real "salvation" of humanity here and hereafter.

What a Church and Sunday school (for I would have them in closest partnership) that would be, of which all the members gave in daily life completely, unfailingly, in themselves the answer to the petition, "Thy will be done"! What human brotherhood would be so truly Christian? What institution on earth would be so radiant with the light divine? Think of the helpfulness, the kindness, the brightness, the cheerfulness, the health, the joy, the peace, there would be with the members of this Holy Communion—the Church of the Divine Will! A church and school open to people of all churches and of no church, whose only article would be "I will do the will of my Father"; whose text would be, "Trust in the Lord and do good"; whose motto would be—

"Live truly, and thy life shall be

A great and noble creed;"

whose prayer would be, "Thy will be done"; and whose divine service would be the doing always and in everything the will of God.

Can we aspire to such a lofty ideal? And yet this is what you and I have to try to do. Even we may help by helping one another. We can serve God by being truthful, by doing kind things and saying kind words, by doing what is right and being determined not to do what is wrong, and to do our best to get other people to avoid the bad and hold to what is good. This is just what Jesus did. And if we at least *try* to follow him in this, we shall not altogether fail as teachers and scholars in the Sunday school. When God wants something done here, He takes a good pair of hands, and puts a noble heart abreast of them, and a thinking head above them, and says "Go and do my work in the world."

You are trying to do God's work, go on trying; and may 1909 be a happy, useful year for us all.

Your friend and fellow teacher,

CUTHBERT C. GRUNDY.

Essex Hall, Essex-street,  
Strand, London.

THE characteristic of the Christian victory is its *inwardness*; that it is not gained over the *accidents* which lie around us, but, first of all, over the substantial difficulties which lie *within* us, and after these and through them, over all outward things.—*Henry Wilder Foote*.

To lack the loving discipline of pain  
Were endless loss.

—R. C. Trench.



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LONDON, JANUARY 9, 1909.

## “THOUGH HE SLAY ME.”

THE whole civilised world is sorrowing with Italy in the dire calamity which has befallen the cities and villages about the Straits of Messina, and the nations are united in the quick impulse of sympathy and the ready hand stretched out to help. From day to day, since the sudden tragedy of the earthquake on Monday week, overwhelming in the magnitude of its destruction beyond anything hitherto recorded in human history, our imagination has been painfully centred upon those scenes of desolation—the terror of the night, the misery of the dawn which did but reveal the awful nature of the catastrophe, and then the long-drawn agony of hopeless efforts of rescue, with some success, and the gathering in of the poor remnants of families not wholly destroyed, many pitifully maimed, many quite demented, while amid danger and privation for days together brave men gave themselves to the work of ministering to the sufferers. The narratives of noble courage and devotion in the work of rescue have been very moving, and we have rejoiced that men from our own ships, with Russians, Americans, and those of other nationalities, side by side with the Italians themselves, have been able to render very efficient services, while the prompt and generous response to appeals for relief funds in various lands, and not least in our own, has shown how true is the sympathy felt with the afflicted people.

In face of so much sorrow, silence might seem to be best, or, at any rate, attention simply to the work of healing and restoration; and yet there are thoughts awakened by such a catastrophe as this which ought not perhaps to be passed over unexpressed. To many a one, such an event as this has seemed a staggering blow to faith. We would regard it rather as an appeal to faith and true manhood, and as, in a very profound sense, a Divine judgment. Not, of course, in the old sense, as though the earthquake and its dire results were a token of wrath against a sinful people, a special act of God to punish sinful men.

That old superstition no longer moves us. But here we have had an awful blast, as from a fiery furnace, suddenly to test the manhood of that people, and all who were gathered in their cities. The vileness of the worst has been revealed, and the nobleness of the best, from the King and Queen of Italy, who set to their people so fine an example of courage and devotion and eager sympathy, to many a humble sailor and landsman involved in that dreadful ruin. For them and for us there is in this a Divine judgment, to which we shall do well to give heed.

The earthquake happened in the natural order of the gradual cooling and hardening of the surface of our globe. It had, in itself, no reference to the life and character of the people who had built their cities and villages about those Straits. But the character of that region of southern Italy was known. Such catastrophes had happened before, though never within memory on such a stupendous scale, and it was known that they might occur again. It was simply an added risk, amid the general insecurity of mortal life upon this globe, which was taken when great and beautiful cities were built upon those shores, and built, as we now see, not in the wisest way to ensure safety to the people in case of such sudden shock. Then the earthquake concentrates into one dreadful moment an appalling mass of suffering and death; yet these same things happen constantly in detail, so far as the human suffering is concerned, to myriads over the whole world, and death, soon or late, awaits us all alike. We may be stunned by such a blow as this, and yet, when we regard it as part of life and death upon this earth, there is nothing in it that we cannot face. We have seen, during these last days, how true men do face it.

God forbid that we should seem in the least to minimise the awfulness of this tragedy or the desolation it has brought to many thousands of human hearts; but it is a tragedy which calls out the noblest energies of man, a tragedy in face of which the spirit of faith arises, steadfast and stern, it may be, yet undaunted even amid such terrors of the Lord. They were known always to be hidden amid the possibilities of Nature, and we have our kinship with ONE who is more than all that marvellous order which encompasses and makes the conditions of our mortal life. And then on to this scene comes the overflowing spirit of compassion and brotherly kindness, out of which may arise a new conception of the unity of Man. If such might be the issue, all the suffering and dismay surely would not have been in vain.

As to the tragedies of our natural life, it is given to faith not to bear them alone. “In the midst of life we are in death” is not simply the mournful dirge of a funeral service, it is a plain fact of our frank

outlook upon the natural order of the world, and we have long since made our peace with death. That there should have to be sometimes such agony is a thing we may not understand, yet it cannot abash our faith, because we constantly see in the greatest moments of life how courage and manhood, and, above all, the great power of love, rise triumphant over all, and the passionate, exulting conviction of spiritual mastery, and life rising ever out of death, remains. Those dreadful catastrophes of Nature we see to be part of the general order, which has produced as well all the beauty and joy of life on this fair earth. We cannot see the whole purpose, but we can accept it as a whole, because at the heart of the unity, where we ourselves are most surely alive, as seeing the Invisible, we have found God. *With Him* we face the worst of mortal destiny, and know that in the conflict we are called to the best the human soul can be and do. Even in our fellowship with Nature, in her wildest aspects, in what may seem a cruel ruthlessness, there is a quiet heart of submission, a strange deep love of the Mother Earth, out of which such beauty and delight have sprung, and such tenderness of the Nursing Mother, that we are no longer afraid of the worst she can do, while amid the tumult of the storm, which can mean only death to us, there is the deeper cry of faith, “Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him.”

There is, as we have already hinted, another aspect of this occurrence in which we may see a Divine judgment on mankind. It is in the spectacle of all the forces of civilisation concentrated on the work of helpfulness and overflowing sympathy. Here all national differences and enmities are forgotten, and the warships under various flags, with their great resources and splendid discipline, vie with one another in the work of mercy. What a glorious spirit is there, if only it might pervade all the intercourse of the nations, and they might be habitually bent on mutual understanding, sympathy, and helpfulness! Then might the great battle-ships also be converted permanently into a beneficent police of the seas, strong only to defend and help, and a crushing burden both of material waste and moral dread be removed from the brotherhood of nations. Such is the appeal which this catastrophe, through the beneficent response it has evoked, might well make to the civilised nations of the world.

How is our fainting courage reassured, and our faltering will reinforced, and our troubled heart calmed, when we but think of God, and remember that “His greatness lies around our incompleteness—round our restlessness, His rest.” — *Samuel Longfellow*.

GET thy tools ready; God will find the work.—*Browning*.



## SOWERS OF EDELWEISS.

A SERMON BY WILLIAM C. GANNETT,  
CELEBRATINGTHE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF  
ALL SOULS' CHURCH, CHICAGO.\*

I BRING my two texts in my hand—a flower and a picture.

The flower is the flower of Switzerland, characteristic of Switzerland, possibly its national flower. Few tourists see it growing, though many bring it home. One must climb to find it. It is the child of the upper silence and solitude. Its home is where the glaciers creep. There in the purity of the upper snow-fields it blossoms. Lovers climb thither to pluck it to bring to their maidens. Its name? The botanists call it "Gnaphalium Leontopodium Alpinum"; but its heart-name is *Edelweiss*, which means "noble whiteness." Such a name suggests poems, and this grey-white flower has made many a poem. Here is one, written by Dora Greenwell, so simple and short I will read it:—

"I was born in my little shroud,  
All woolly, warm and white;  
I live in the mist and the cloud,  
I live for my own delight.

I see far beneath me crowd  
The Alpine roses red,  
And the gentian blue, sun-fed,  
That makes the valleys bright.

I bloom for the eagle's eye,  
I bloom for the daring hand,  
I live but for God, and I die  
Unto Him, and at his command."

If you or I were to write the poem, what would we have the *Edelweiss* typify? Purity, sturdiness, tenderness, I think. Purity; it homes only in whiteness. Sturdiness; it is a lover of the rock and the glacier, a braver of circumstances, a blossom upon difficulties—not merely an endurer of difficulties, but a blossom out of them. And yet what tenderness in its hardihood—feel of it; these little petals are soft as a baby's cheek!

The picture is Millet's "Sower." You know it well. Millet, he of the "Angelus," he of the "Man with the Hoe," was the peasant painter of France. Most of his subjects deal with the pathos and poetry of the farm-toiler's life. Little regarded and poorly rewarded as long as he lived, his pictures might now serve for a prince's ransom. This "Sower" is one of his simplest and therefore one of his noblest pictures. A single figure is seen against a brown hillside. The sun is rising over the edge of the hill, and up there in the morning light a man with oxen is ploughing, but distant enough to leave the Sower in solitude. As we watch him we feel the eager stride of the man, the swing of his arm, the strength and the rush of his deed. "The ideal of beauty is simplicity and repose," but this is simplicity and action, and there is more than beauty in the picture—there is power and majesty in it. All Jesus' parable lies in the picture—"A sower went forth to sow." There he goes

—there he is in the act. Jesus had seen him before Millet, and each artist drew a picture after his kind.

But his deed in itself is part of the Sower's fascination. It is a deed of forward and far-reaching beneficence. Sowing is an act so important that its advent in history marked a stage in civilisation. First came the hunter, then came the shepherd, then came the planter—the sower of seed. He began the third great era in the life of the man-child. Last of all came the townsman, and we are still living in his, the fourth era of human history. Sowing is really a sacrament; it is an act of fellowship in creation with the Creator. The sower takes his seed from the hand of God, imitates Him in its distribution, and works with Him to bring forth the fruit. No wonder that Millet's picture, then, is found in the churches. In the church consecrated to Channing's memory in Newport, his birth-place, you will find it glowing in heaven's own light on the window panes—fit emblem of a prophet, of one who sows seeds of the soul's life.

"Go, speed the stars of thought  
On to their shining goals:  
The sower scatters broad his seed,—  
The wheat thou strew'st be souls."

So much for my two texts—"Edelweiss," flower of noble purity, and the picture of the "Sower." Now to make the two one. Some years ago I found this item in a newspaper, and I have kept it sacredly from that day to this:—

"The *Edelweiss* seed which was largely sown in the mountains of Prussia last summer has come up remarkably well. This charming Alpine flower has taken root, and will apparently become a permanent attraction among the Silesian flora."

The Sowing of *Edelweiss*! There you have my whole sermon; you might preach the rest to yourselves. Let us try together to make a new parable out of it.

## I.

In Jesus' parable, Sower and Seed are taken for granted, you know, and attention is drawn to the ground on which the seed falls: its variety—rock or wayside, or thorn-bush, or good soil—determines the fate and the amount of the harvest. That parable never loses its truth. But to-day let us think of the Sower and Seed, and of their variety, and how the fate of the harvest depends upon them. This side of the parable, untold in the Testament, fits to-day well; for we live in a time when men realise as never before that sacrament fact that they are fellow-workers with God; that our hearts, our wills, our hands, are the agents He uses to accomplish his purpose on earth; that the fate of his harvests in the fields of humanity, their amount, their value, their beauty, their distribution of blessing, all depend upon us.

So, reminding ourselves once more of those things, in our life of which *Edelweiss* is the symbol—purity, sturdiness, tenderness—let us ask, Where does this human *Edelweiss* spring? The flower tells us where; on the heights, in the silence and solitudes of the soul. "The things of a man for which we visit him were done in the dark and the cold," says Emerson; in the upper light and the cold, we read in the *Edelweiss* gospel. How do we reach the

human *Edelweiss*? The flower tells us: Only by climbing. What is the seed of the human *Edelweiss*? Purity, sturdiness, tenderness, cover so much of character that, to sum up all in one word we may well call the seed, our *Ideals*—our ideals of the True, the Beautiful, and the Good. "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honourable, whatsoever things are just, are pure, are lovely, are of good report, whatever virtue there is, whatever worthy of praise," the ideals of these things are the human *Edelweiss* seed. And now for the question important: *Who are the Sowers of Edelweiss?* That question leads homeward. No longer the mountains of Switzerland or Prussia—we think of Illinois and Chicago, of New York and Rochester, of dear cities and towns where we are living ourselves. And our question is, *Who are the Sowers of Edelweiss seed? Are we?*

Are we? In two ways we all are, I trust. The most beautiful, and also the most terrifying, fact about sowing in the fields of humanity is that so large a part of our sowing, without knowing, is done as unconsciously as that which is done by the winds and the birds and the bees in the fields of plant life. The winds and the birds and the bees are mere Carriers of seed; they sow, but they mean not to sow; they sow, but they know not they sow; they sow because they cannot help sowing, but the sowing is nothing to them. They are not agents, but instruments of Nature. Yet by them, mere mechanical carriers of her seed, she makes her wild earth green with spring, and the pastures of the wilderness glad. So is it in the fields of humanity. Nature uses us like her winds and her birds and her bees as unwitting Carriers both of good seed and of tares. The unconscious good that we do is probably the larger part of all the good most of us do; our unconscious evil, the larger part of all the evil we do. While engaged in our common work, while speaking our commonest words, we shed "personality," and know nothing of it—and that is the major part of our influence, of our "example," of the seed that we sow. Thank God that much of it is truly *Edelweiss* seed.

And beside the good we sow in this unconscious way, we sow not a little consciously, but without any particular intention or plan, through our ordinary honour, our everyday courage, our usual courtesy, our general goodwill and graciousness; but we sow this or not according to gusts of opportunity, and too often according to mood. It is chance sowing—here a little, there a little, or here a great handful dashed down, and there none at all, though the ground be bare and the need of the good seed be great. Broadcasting of this kind makes many of us likeable, and some of us lovable. And as the number who do good in the chance way is legion, the broadcast, unplanned sowing has much to do with making the parks, the backyards, the lawns, and even the pavement chinks of society green. It is comfort and cheer to remember the fact that it is *you* who are going to make this day a little more beautiful by some unrehearsed word of nobility, some off-hand act of bravery or kindness. There is not a poor, sinning man or woman or boy or girl in this city of ours who will not do some courteous act gladly to-day—that is, who will not sow, and only half

\* This sermon was preached Nov. 10, 1907, at the Abraham Lincoln Centre, the home of All Souls' Church, Chicago, of which the Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones has been for twenty-five years the minister.



know it, some lovely flower of the spirit—not one in the big city. Then the city Sunday owes something of Sabbath to every soul in it. And the sum of such beauty in a day is immense. If most of us feel, as most of us do, that “it is beautiful to be alive,” no small part of the beauty is due to this.

And yet—and yet if this be *all* the Edelweiss sowing that you and I do—the unconscious kind, and the unplanned kind—if we are contented with this, we possess little virtue, and deserve, and we get, little honour for virtue. We are still hardly more than Carriers of seed. *There is no counting on us as Sowers.*

But surely that is what all men and all women should be—not only Carriers, but purposing, planning, habitual *Sowers* of Edelweiss. True men, true women, we can scarce be otherwise.

## II.

So there is a second and better class of Edelweiss Sowers. Let us call them *Gardeners*. These gardeners are thoughtful, self-denying, habitual sowers; but they sow their Edelweiss only in *plots*. Oftenest their garden is the Home-plot; and there ought to be such a garden, with Edelweiss beds in it, for every five persons on earth. What beautiful work is done in these plots! What careful gardeners the father and mother are, sowing and tending the Edelweiss-beds in their children! No such painstaking culture anywhere else. Nowhere such exquisite products. But all in a walled garden.

Sometimes the garden is a school-plot. Forty children have come from all sorts of homes—and the teacher, the trustee, receives them for what purpose? To sow seeds of geography, grammar, arithmetic in them, but, if the trustee recognises the nature of the trust, *mainly* to sow Edelweiss seed. For five hours each day the mothers and fathers are trusting their children to the teacher for that. Each day five hours of opportunity for that! The children themselves half consciously looking to her for that! And many a teacher sees the opportunity aright as a heavenly commission, consecrates herself with a prayer to it, plucks the Edelweiss grown on the heights of her own personality, and endeavours to transplant and drill it into the souls of those children. So many are doing this now that a large part of the progress made in each new generation is due to low-salaried teachers in the schools of the people. But the school, at its best, is a walled garden.

Sometimes the garden is a Business-plot. Can we measure the amount of good that a business man who habitually lessens his profits in order to purify them, in order to make them in honest ways, in unselfish ways, in ways that we call generosity, but which are only the ways of the coming justice? A business man who steadily prefers his ideals to the possible million? That man is thereby sowing Edelweiss in the market, the bank, the chamber of commerce, and on the exchange. Or is it a lawyer, who pleads in the courts to establish only such right as he himself believes is the right; who strives ever for peace and goodwill between quarrelling men, and dedicates his skill to that “making” to which Jesus assigned the Beatitude. Or it is an artisan, by the

infusion of conscience and care, making art of his handwork, a standard out of his job. Or a stenographer girl, throwing her soul into the clicking machine—or an office boy, or errand boy, ennobling himself and his comrades by doing his errand as well as an errand can be done. Praise to them all, true Edelweiss sowers! But all in the walled garden of a special occupation. Others, akin to these, make a religion of *wayside* sowing. Road-missionaries of the True, the Beautiful, the Good—they planfully sow their ideals wherever they happen to go. We all have heard of that “worthy Quaker” who said: “I expect to pass through this world but once. If, therefore, there be any kindness I can show, or any good thing I can do, to any fellow-being, let me do it now. Let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again.” Bless the unknown Quaker, the saint of the wayside! His little “If, therefore,” escaping, has planted not only his but ten thousand waysides with Edelweiss beauty. But road-sides are only narrow strips, at best, of the great world-field.

Am I decrying such Gardeners, these plots and wayside sowers, a little? Let me do justice again. The wide fields of humanity owe a large part of their beauty to the painstaking tenders of little pieces of ground. The most beautiful things of earth are produced under gardening hands. And we should each and all have our own sacred plots—home-plot, and work-plot, and wayside strips. Yet, when all is said, if confined to our plots, we are only the tillers of gardens and conservatories. What of the world outside? What of the pastures and wildernesses waiting beyond the walls for Edelweiss seed? Our gardens are little oases of beauty; but what of the deserts around them?

## III.

So a third class of Edelweiss Sowers is needed, and a third class exists. I cannot think of a graceful name like “gardener” for this class. A clumsy name is *planter-at-large*; an ugly name, *agriculturist*. What we want is a name suggestive of something difficult, widely beneficent, and scientific—all three.

This planter-at-large is the man who sows like the gardener, consciously, planfully, earnestly, but with this difference—no garden wall limits him. He feels the needs of the wilderness, and yearns to sow *there* the Edelweiss that grows on the heights, and—oh, so achingly!—feels the shortness of time allowed him to transplant and root it. They think in their hearts with Whittier, these men, “It is a great thing to identify one’s self when young with some unpopular cause.” They say to themselves, with Horace Mann—his very last words in public to the boys and girls of Antioch College—“Be ashamed to die until you have won some victory for humanity!” They say to each other, with Clifford, “Let us join hands and work, for to-day we are alive together!”

And, saying such words to themselves and each other, they try to put science into their sowing. So far as they can, they are fain to make agricultural colleges and forestry bureaus of themselves. They study the soils of humanity—here a Chicago soil; here a small city soil, so

different from that of Chicago; here a village soil, so different, again, from that of the small city. They study methods of moral and spiritual irrigation, of bringing the water of life to the thirsty places, the sandy deserts of humanity. They imitate Burbank and men like him in their work—men who at last evolve the “pedigreed” corn-ear that sells for two hundred dollars because every kernel of it hives quintessence of corn excellence. That is the kind of Edelweiss seed they desire. And they believe in the planting of the best seed, by the best methods, in the worst places. This third class of Edelweiss sowers believes that with scientific farming, and with lives consecrated to such farming, no place on earth need remain barren, no sand-hill but may be taught to blossom, no desert but may be turned into rose-gardens, like those desert-gardens the prophet Isaiah saw in his vision. There is no such thing to be found to-day as what, on the maps of fifty years ago, used to be called “the Great American Desert.” So there is no such thing to be found to-day as a permanent Sahara of humanity; what seems so, these workers feel they can change into fields of perhaps peculiar fertility, if only they are wise and devoted enough to plant right seed by the right method in it.

“’Tis not in the high stars alone,  
Nor in the cups of budding flowers,  
Nor in the redbreast’s mellow tone,  
Nor in the bow that smiles in showers;  
But in the mud and scum of things  
There alway, alway something sings.”

That faith of Emerson’s is ever singing itself in the hearts of these men and women. And in the faith of that song they are the organisers of the world’s springing life, of the *new* life, the progress of man. They plant the rose of the future on the fields of the present. Their mission it is to make the ideal real, to lead the bad up to good, the good to the better, the better to best. They are the prophets, interpreters, and enactors of the great law of social progress, that yesterday’s mercy must become to-day’s justice and legislation, and to-day’s justice and legislation must become to-morrow’s public opinion, accepted custom, and organised instinct, so that the very babes shall be born with it in their blood. Praise to the others, but highest praise for *these* Sowers of Edelweiss seed!

*How* do they sow it? Often by the simple power of a voice. Nothing so vital as words that embody ideals. Words right, words clear, words brave—the world lives and moves and has its morrows in them. Literal spirit themselves, mere vibrations of breath, words carry the seeds that catch in the hearts of men, rooting and quickening there, until they break into prayers, and the prayers blossom to deeds, and the deeds grow into heroism—all traceable back to the word which some Edelweiss Sower planted in the heart of a youth.

What was Luther? A Voice. Call the long roll of religious reformers—often but Voices, and echoes of Voices, sowers of breath! Wendell Phillips—what did he do? He spoke, and years after his lips are silent in death cities like Chicago preserve that Voice of his in memorial school-



houses, that it may go on teaching generations of children. We have in Rochester the one statue as yet erected, I think, to a man of the swarthy hue. On the pedestal of Frederic Douglass' monument are his words, "One with God is a majority." The masterful white world of the fifties heard it, and laughed. Did the word come true in 1865? It looked so. Has it come all true in 1907? Far from it still; but there the word stands in its present tense—"is a majority"—truth-pledged in God's time of fulfilment over the length and breadth of the land. An Edelweiss word.

Often in these latter days the seed-word is sown in the form of a book. "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Black Beauty," "Looking Backward," "Progress and Poverty," perhaps the "Jungle Book," come into the category.

But most of the good done by this third class of Edelweiss Sowers is done by the "institutions" they organise, or the "movements" that follow in the wake of their words. Their "cause" gives them no peace until they draw comrades into "associations," who take hands and say, "We will do this thing, and do it together, until what is now within us, an invisible dream, shall stand on the earth a visible creation to live on after we leave it." So it becomes an "institution"—a public library, a model school, a mechanics' institute, a people's palace, a hospital, a refuge for street-waifs, a university-extension centre, a social settlement. Or, still better, it becomes a social "movement," generating swarms of institutions over the land. Not our science, not our inventions, not our utilisation of nature, but the number, the variety, of such organisations for service is the real glory of to-day. President Thomas, of Bryn Mawr, has recently said, "The greatest need of America to-day is not scholars in the old sense, not even research workers of the old type, so much as it is leaders in all departments that pertain to the problems of human welfare." And the leaders are rising to view. It is joy to believe on the guarantee of history that this age in which we are living holds more of these conscious, planning, scientific Edelweiss Sowers than any age that has gone before. Every day is a Christmas day now. Such energy in wilderness-sowing never was seen. Jesus said of his day, "The fields are white, the harvest is plenteous, but the labourers few." We can say, "The labourers are gathering fast, but they come as a band of sowers rather than reapers; for the harvests of to-day are nothing to the harvests that shall be." And do you know where we must go to find the *most* good that is being sown on the earth in our day? To cities like New York and Chicago, where the most Hell is. Where the most Hell is, there the most Heaven is trying to break up through the crust.

So by voice, by book, by institution, by widespreading movements, the Sowers of Edelweiss go forth in their various ways to the sowing. But all in one spirit, without which each and all of these ways are apt to be ineffective and futile—the spirit of self-forgetting and self-effacement. *Why* ineffective without this spirit? Because it is comparatively easy, after all, to sow seeds of the good—there is exhilaration

and inspiration in that; but it is hard to go on *tending* the good in its growth until it is firmly established on earth; it is hard to work on and work on through delay and through crisis, while the others give up and depart. That is the real test of the Sower—not the song on the lips, not the swing of the sowing hand, but the head bent over, the back aching with hoe-work through long, hot seasons of tilling. Only the self-forgotten can stand the test. If you would belong to this third class of the blessed, live self-forgotten!

## IV.

Sowers, then, must be tillers, too; and will they be reapers as well? What of the harvest? Do they always see it? Oh, no! And they learn to do without seeing. They learn to demand less and less of a visible harvest. They learn that they are not responsible for the harvest, that the harvest does not, after all, depend entirely upon them, and somehow they cease to depend upon it. Reaping is not their part. They are to sow; they are to tend. Let the sowing be of the Edelweiss seed, let the tending go faithfully on through the days, and the reapers will come in good time, and the harvest be sure. The pathos of the Sower! and the pathos turned into joy when he learns that it makes no matter whether he see his harvest or not! If some see it, they may humbly thank God for the sight. Yet, if the whole of their harvest is ever seen by their eyes, it is a pretty small harvest. The best of it still should be the unseen reach of the crop, and the barns not built to hold the outcome of their work. Have you ever laid it to heart that the greatest harvest ever produced from Edelweiss seed was sown by one who died in the act after he had been one little year, or possibly two, at his task? Who died in shame; died by the hands of rejection and violence; died with his chosen friends standing aloof? He is the one to whom the most plentiful Edelweiss harvest of earth belongs as his own.

## V.

Friends, a Church, a true Church, is simply an organisation for the sowing of Edelweiss seed among men. That is all that it is. If a Church do such sowing only in parish bounds, that Church is of service; but its service is small, it is only that of the Garden. If, instead of sowing merely for a parish crop, it seeks the wilderness lying around, and sows its Edelweiss far and near throughout it, that is better, that is best. And because your Church, under your Leader, has been one of this larger vision and larger intent and larger endeavour, you are yourselves glad to-day, and the city is blessing you, and the angels in heaven rejoicing.

The words with which I close are Frederick Hosmer's:—

This Edelweiss I wear was not first mine;  
I had it cheaply in the little town  
Of one who from the mountains had come down;  
A meek-eyed man, rough-clad, with many a sign  
Of burning sun and of the tempest's frown.

Now through the valley, with its corn and wine,  
His star-blooms badge the thronging tourists fine,  
Whose feet his toilsome path have never known.

O prophet souls, who with bruised feet have trod  
The heaven-lit heights, and thence to us have brought  
Your wider vision, your high-hearted faith,  
Your hope for Man, your larger thought of God—  
We wear your Edelweiss; Life's common lot  
Ever to your high service witnesseth!

## AMERICAN NOTES.

## II.

It is intended to hold, in like manner, meetings of religious liberals from time to time in great centres of American thought and life, and so far as possible in alternating years with the sessions of the International Congress. These local congresses will not be frequent, but they will be made notable events in the religious life of America.

We have dwelt at such length on the aims and methods of this new association, the legitimate offspring of the International Council, in the hope that it may suggest at least to our British Unitarian brethren the advisability of a similar federation in their own country. It is true that the endeavours of Dr. Martineau and others to form a Free Christian Union were not successful. But that is, after all, no reason why a similar attempt on other lines at the present day might not be timely and needed. In Holland, Switzerland, Germany, &c., such alliances of liberal Christians are of long standing and most helpful. In any case, the initiation of such a movement in the United States cannot fail to interest our British brethren, and to elicit their best wishes for its success. To us it is evident that an isolated denominational existence means stagnation and death. We can only live and grow in numbers and influence by ceasing to revolve in little sectarian eddies, and getting out into the broader, swifter currents of national religious life and thought, in full sympathy with the vital issues in society, the State, and the Church, which agitate the popular mind and heart. This federation is to be, we hope, a means of larger service and co-operation.

The Ter-centenary Celebration of John Milton's birthday was universal in this country. From the stately observances of the great Colleges and Historical Societies to the modest exercises held in our public schools, everywhere his name and fame were celebrated, and once more we Americans were made to feel how closely allied we are to England's speech, literature, and greatness. Perhaps the most notable commemoration was that of our Massachusetts Historical Society, held in the beautiful First Church in Boston, founded in 1630 by the Puritan settlers of the town, led by Governor Winthrop and other contemporaries of the great poet. It was noteworthy, though, of course, entirely unintended, that all who took



part in the conduct of the meeting were of Unitarian faith or antecedents. The main address, on "John Milton, the Puritan," was given by William Everett, LL.D., who closes his public activity, as his illustrious father began his, by ministering in our pulpits. It was a brilliant paper, and held the unflagging interest of a thousand listeners to the end. The printed order of exercises—a handsome pamphlet containing portraits of Milton, title-pages of his first editions, and selections in prose and verse from his writings—will long be treasured as a memento of the occasion in hundreds of homes. Harvard University and the Boston Public Library also made a fine display of Milton's works in early and late editions, and at the latter institution Edwin D. Mead delivered a thoughtful address.

An important phase in the development of Unitarian history in this country has been entered into by the newly-awakened interest, especially among our younger ministers and laity, in the Social question. To one who is familiar with the large place the interests of social justice and readjustment occupy in the churches of the Old World—notably in Germany, Switzerland, Holland, and France—it has seemed strange that the disputes and conflicts it has there engendered should have been so long spared us in America. In former days, when Channing, Tuckerman, Parker, Garrison, and Phillips were our prophets and leaders, there existed a profound sympathy with all forms of social amelioration and reform among our Unitarian people. The causes of labour, socialism, even communism, were considered without passion or prejudice or fear. It is true that the discussions of that day were largely academic, and the problems remote.

Within a year or two past, however, there has arisen in our liberal ranks a vivid sympathy with social re-adjustment and reform, which finds increasing utterance in sermons, addresses, conferences, and the printed word, and has led to the recent formation of "The Unitarian Fellowship for Social Justice," with which not a few of our ministers, young in years or spirit, have united themselves. This movement is destined to play a large part in the coming history of the Unitarian body in this country. It is to be hoped that the denominational leaders will appreciate this, and not oppose or seek to ignore this rising tide of enthusiasm for social service and sympathy for the less-favoured classes of society. An encouraging sign that they do recognise and encourage is the recent creation of a Social Service department in the work of the American Unitarian Association, with the appointment of a Social Secretary to confer with the Churches and guide their efforts along these lines. This enterprise was launched at a meeting of those interested called in Emerson Hall, Harvard University, where, under the supervision of Professor Rev. F. G. Peabody, a truly remarkable museum of Social Service—books, charts, photographs, models, &c., has been created. There need be no clash between the two agencies referred to—the "Fellowship for Social Justice" and this Department of Social Service, each pursuing its own lines of work and stimulating the other.

The Rev. Gertrud von Petzold has met with a warm and hospitable reception in Boston, preaching and lecturing in various pulpits, and receiving social attentions. Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Crothers invited the ladies of the large Cambridge Woman's Alliance to meet her at their house. Next week she departs, via Baltimore and Chicago, where she has preaching engagements, for Des Moines, the capital of the State of Iowa, where she is to fill the pulpit, for six months, of Miss Mary A. Safford, one of the ablest of American women preachers, who is to enjoy a well-deserved season of rest in England. Miss Safford is one of the most devoted, wise, and successful missionaries and ministers our Unitarian cause has ever known.

Dr. J. H. Crooker and wife are to spend January and February in California, whither Dr. Crooker goes to deliver a course of lectures before the Pacific Unitarian Divinity School in Berkeley. Rev. Franklin C. Southworth, President of the Meadville Theological School, will spend his sabbatical year in Europe, visiting England in January. A strong man in every sense, an effective preacher, he is sure to win his way in the regard of his British brethren.

CHAS. W. WENDTE.

Boston, Mass., Dec. 12, 1908.

## PROVINCIAL LETTER.

### LONDON.

In the midwinter term much lies at the mercy of the weather, and the severe experiences at the close of the year give warning not to be too sanguine. But if these severities do not recur extensively, there seems good reason to expect a fruitful season of church life among us. Really, it is "now or never" with most of the congregations. As soon as the brighter days come people are apt to forgive themselves freely if they are slack in the more serious duties; summer begets lassitude, and autumn hangs long in holiday mood upon the summer. Now or never, then, those who have a definite purpose in their religion must put it into deeds. Happily this conviction seems to prevail everywhere. The evidence that comes to hand shows that there is much more earnestness about than we are apt, in dull days, to imagine. The notes that follow are but illustrative, far from exhaustive, of the widely varied story of admirable efforts in our circle. If we could all wish for more striking results let none of us permit our good to be evil spoken of. As a brother among brethren I am bold to say that what I know of our London congregations, while it forbids conceit, does also forbid dejection. Amid so vast a community, our position may appear quite insignificant; yet we have our place, our duty, and our harvest of widening charity, deeper thought, and sturdier life.

By way of a straw that shows the way the wind blows, I may record an incident for which, though I give no names, I can personally vouch. A large and flourishing Congregational church, with between five and six hundred members, recently had this critical question to decide: should

their minister be retained in spite of his having spoken and published opinions about the Bible, and Jesus, and salvation, entirely at one with those long current among Unitarians (though the language employed by him certainly included expressions which few Unitarians would now use). Explicit statements having been circulated on both sides by the minister and his orthodox critics, a formal vote was taken, with the result that, while about a hundred did not vote, the voters by nearly two to one decided to keep this minister at their head. I am not surprised to be told that the strength of the affirmative vote lay with the younger people. It should be added that there is no question here of the ascendancy of an extraordinary personality in the pulpit. That no doubt accounts for the singular story of the City Temple, and may partly explain other, though minor, successes of "progressive thought" about us. Now or never, surely, Unitarians should go dutifully and cheerfully to the fields which are white unto harvest!

Since my last letter the new church at Kilburn has been opened—a joy to all concerned. The congregations are steadily growing, a new chapter in a history already creditable has begun—not with dazzling surprises, but with the strong and healthful persistence that prophesies lasting vitality. At Woolwich the newly-acquired Carmel Chapel is doing very well in its first season. For instance, the fellowship meeting on Sunday afternoons runs up to some 400 in attendance, and about 140 members have already been enrolled. The evening services sometimes fill the capacious building to the doors. On Saturday evening, too, an attempt is made to supply amusement without vulgarity to the toiling folk, and large numbers come. If only the hall on Plumstead Common were sold, an "Institute" would be built, and so the agencies for good would be multiplied. It will come; meanwhile, a cheer for the brave workers. Next, it will be Lewisham's turn for a building of its own. Last year was the best in the history of this always progressive congregation. The Sunday school is growing; the social and literary work is flourishing; everything, however, suffers from inadequate housing. I do not know the plans of our friends there, but surely all London Unitarians will heartily support them, if they go boldly forward at any early date. A report of the opening of a new church at Ilford will appear along with this letter; enough to say, and only fair to say, that the success of this movement shows what can be done by a few determined pioneers. They have borne their difficulties bravely, but not contentedly; and now they have acquired the means, not for mere congregational comfort, but for still more confident appeal to the popular suburb about them. Acton and Wimbledon naturally come to mind in such a connection. Of the former I had thoughts one dusky evening about six weeks ago when returning from a bicycle pilgrimage in Buckingham. What vast stretches of newly settled suburbs I rode through on that main road! The erections proceed so fast that only with difficulty does one recognise the old landmarks. Most certainly a church of ours has right to be there,



and if we must be patient with slow growth, let us be resolute. Growth there is, and it will be more rapid as the houses thicken about our little but comfortable building. Wimbledon has not even a little building yet; the congregation is but a lodger, and has to take thought about tenancies and flittings. But the tent of meeting will give place to a temple some day. That a living spirit exists here was recently manifested in a very successful "social" and sale of work, by which a useful sum was raised.

Let us lift our eyes to the hills! Contrasting with the houseless, or the closely cribbed, is the Rosslyn Hill congregation with everything handsome about it. Here we may fasten on one or two points indicative of the kind of special work done in our older churches, in addition to the normal Sunday services. The Rev. R. J. Campbell's recent week-evening service here was, I think, the first held by him in any of our London churches. He can afford to defy prejudices. Others akin to him in thought still hesitate to enter into communion where at least they might hope to give good, and would certainly be at full liberty to do it in their own way. Is it quite too much to suggest that one or other of the Unitarian ministers who have succeeded in the offer of pulpit hospitality to the preacher from the City Temple might some day do his best to repay by giving a service at that famous centre? Other names of distinguished speakers are on the recent record of Rosslyn Hill—Prof. Boyce Gibson has given three lectures on religious philosophy, and Dr. Lionel Taylor six dealing with important points in theology from an evolutionist point of view. At Highgate Hill the congregation adds to its worship good works, among them the provision of University Extension lectures, some courses being extraordinarily successful. At Hackney we catch an echo of the Van mission. The minister, aided by a few friends, held in September a series of out-door meetings at different places within easy radius of the church, and towards the latter part the attendances grew to an encouraging figure. Then, in November, a series of doctrinal discourses was arranged, to be followed by open conferences. The amount of interest shown has been gratifying, though (as may be supposed) the experiment was viewed with some apprehension; and unmistakable stimulus has been received by the workers themselves. *Do et dabitur* is still in force in this old world of ours.

Of other congregations space fails that I should now attempt to write. Let me close by referring to two rather special types of work, and to an expert's opinion. At Stamford-street, recently, I saw the Boys' Brigade "in being" (I hope that is a correct expression), and I learn that there and elsewhere the movement to draw lads into disciplinary fellowship is making good progress. Upon this matter there are certain misgivings, which I consider the more respectable because I happen to share them at times. Anything less desirable than the fostering of a "military" turn of mind, in these days of mere jingoism, is hard to conceive. But I am assured that in the Boys' Brigade the beneficial elements of training are

sifted out and retained, while the rest is carefully excluded. This being so, we should rejoice to hear that by this means many a lad is kept straight amid the perils of street-life, and the Laymen's Club is certainly doing good work in fostering especially the Boys' Clubs, and other agencies, having in view the healthful development of young life. Then the vigorous spirit who presides over the Mansford-street church and mission, and who has boldly undertaken to play host at Bethnal Green to the Provincial Assembly next autumn, is evidently going to be unsettled till he gets a Settlement—and I think he will get it yet. Have we not young men who, in succession, will volunteer for the work? Is not the work one of pressing need? And Mansford-street could find the accommodation. Why not?

The "expert" to whom I referred above is our new missionary, the Rev. J. Arthur Pearson. In truth his experience among us has been as yet but a short one; nevertheless, to one who has been so long and so intimately engaged in our work in the north the months since summer cannot but have revealed much. He has, of course, chiefly in hand the case of the smaller and pastorless congregations, in addition to pioneer work here and there. He tells me that he has been surprised to find how much energetic faith, proving itself in works, exists in places where difficulties have long abounded. At Stratford and Forest Gate, for instance, where East End problems are various and all hard to solve, he reports valiant and hopeful endeavours on the part of the people on the spot to make the most of their chances of doing good. Everywhere on his visits, which have been widely extended, he has heard cheery words; and though attendances have not been large, there has been undeniable life in the little congregations. Perhaps some part of the courage he reports is a reflection from the light of his own brotherly presence; even so, it is a good sign. Some fires burn without poking; some when poked. But if, even when poked, the fire won't burn—let it go out! And yet, perhaps, what is wanted is more fuel.

W. G. TARRANT.

WE hear of the "mission" and of the "rights" of Woman, as if these could ever be separated from the mission and the rights of Man; as if she and her lord were creatures of independent kind and of irreconcilable claim. This at least is wrong. And not less wrong . . . is the idea that woman is only the shadow and attendant image of her lord, owing him a thoughtless and servile obedience, and supported altogether in her weakness by the pre-eminence of his fortitude. This, I say, is the most foolish of all errors respecting her who was made to be the help-mate of man. As if he could be helped effectively by a shadow, or worthily by a slave.—*Ruskin*.

To some most true and faithful lives, the divine word never comes with any rapture or ecstasy at all, but only like "daily bread"—a simple, quiet faith, arming the soul for duty, and keeping it unshaken before all danger.—*G. S. Merriam*.

## NEWS FROM THE CHURCHES.

[Notices and Reports for this Department should be as brief as possible, and be sent in Wednesday, or Thursday Morning at latest.]

**Bolton: Halliwell-road.**—The Rev. H. E. Haycock concluded his ministry here on Dec. 27, and, at the conclusion of the evening service, was presented with a timepiece as a memento of his three years' ministry.

**Bolton: Unity Church.**—The 31st annual Christmas fair took place on Jan. 1 and 2. It was opened on the first day by Mr. J. B. Gass, and on the second day by Mr. W. W. Midgley. Notwithstanding the fact that the past year was a bad one, the minister was able to announce that the sum of £294 had been raised, a matter of congratulation to all those whose efforts had contributed to such a success.

**Clifton.**—The "Charles Lamb" Fellowship of Book Lovers, at Oakfield-road Church, held three meetings during December. On the 4th Mr. J. W. Norgrove read a critical paper on Rudyard Kipling, giving due prominence to the many-sidedness of this popular writer. On the 16th Mr. R. C. Kellaway read an interesting contribution on Thomas Hood, and at an extra meeting on the 30th the Rev. A. Leslie Smith, of Manchester, lectured on Wagner's "Lohengrin." There was an attendance of over 40 members and friends. The lecturer treated of the literary and musical features of the opera, and rendered on the piano the leading themes or "motives" of each act. The religious significance of Wagner's great work was ably demonstrated. A hearty vote of thanks was passed to the lecturer on the motion of Mr. Charles Cole, seconded by Mr. G. H. Kellaway.

**Halifax.**—The annual collection at Northgate-end Chapel for the Infirmary was taken on Sunday, December 20, amounting to £9 5s. 4½d. The annual tea party was held on Saturday, December 26, when addresses were given by the Rev. W. L. Schroeder and W. Rosling and other friends, and there was a good attendance. The Mutual Improvement Society's Social was held on December 31, and the year fittingly closed with a well-attended watch-night service with address by Mr. Schroeder.

**Hounslow.**—The six services authorised by the London District Unitarian Society came to an end on Sunday evening, Dec. 28. Addresses expository of Unitarian ideas and practice in matters of religion were delivered by Rev. R. P. Farley and the district minister, Rev. J. Arthur Pearson. The attendances were not large but regular, and Mr. Pearson has been able to get into close touch with the members of the little band who faithfully attended the services. The effort resulted from the success of the Van Mission, but, in the interval that necessarily elapsed between the last Van meetings and the beginning of the series of services, members of the League of Progressive Thought, assured of a considerable hearing, had begun to hold meetings, and Hounslow is not big enough to provide two liberal congregations at present. It is probable that attenders at the Unitarian services will go over the way to the Free Library and take part in the meetings of the League, which is known as the Hounslow Brotherhood. Several unattached Unitarians have come forward and declared themselves (thanks to *THE INQUIRER* advertisement); they will not be lost sight of. The *Middlesex Chronicle* gave lengthy reports of the sermons, and there was an interesting correspondence showing the need of liberal teaching in Hounslow.

**Hull.**—The first Covenant Service was held on the first evening of the New Year. The service was conducted by the Rev. J. M. Lloyd Thomas, of Nottingham, who preached a powerful sermon on the hitherto unrealised ideals and possibilities that lie in church fellowship. A number of addresses were afterwards delivered by the minister, the Rev. W. Whitaker, and members of the church, testifying to the need that has long been felt of a greater emphasis on the religious character and conditions of church membership. Once every year it is hoped that a similar service for renewed consecration and the affirmation of loyalty to the church will be held, when a new card of membership will be accepted by members as a token of their continued attachment. By this means, also, it is hoped that young people will find a fitting and impressive occasion for taking up their



membership in the church, which in this way will have other conditions besides the financial one.

**Leicester: Free Christian Church.**—The Rev. Kenneth Bond entered upon his ministry of this church on Sunday last, when large congregations attended both the morning and evening services. In the afternoon he delivered his presidential address at the men's meeting, on the subject of "Progress." The Mayor of Leicester (Ald. C. Lakin) was in the chair. The church orchestra was in attendance, and very ably rendered selections. In the schoolroom, on Tuesday evening, a soiree was held to welcome the Rev. Kenneth and Mrs. Bond. Mr. C. H. Roberts presided, and was supported by the Revs. T. P. Spedding (British and Foreign Unitarian Association), J. M. Lloyd Thomas (North Midland Association), E. I. Fripp (Great Meeting), and W. Whittaker, of Hull. The chairman mentioned that the church had only had eight ministers in 40 years. Interesting addresses were delivered by the ministers above named, Mr. Lloyd Thomas referring to letters he had received from the Rev. R. J. Campbell, Dr. Clifford and other eminent men in the religious world in respect to the high esteem in which they held the Rev. Kenneth Bond. Replying to the welcome, Mr. Bond said he regarded the members of the Free Christian Church as a very brave people, and paid a tribute of sincere feeling to their late minister, who had left behind her some indelible marks of a spirit of courage and progress. When he left college he found a church which was very orthodox. He "broke out," mentally, with lamentable results to his congregations, and after fourteen years' service he decided that it was not proper to divert the church from its former associations. He then went to a Union Free Church, where he expected to find some sort of spiritual freedom. He failed but thought it was his fault. He had grown beyond the situation. He was then a preacher in a temple which Jesus came to long ago, a temple in which he loved to worship and roofed only by the skies. He thanked those friends whose presence that night encouraged him as it did in those days; and he thanked them all most heartily on behalf of his wife and himself for the welcome extended. Mrs. Bond also replied. The meeting was inspiring and full of hope for the future of the church.

**Manchester: Pendleton (Farewell).**—There was a large attendance of members of the Unitarian Free Church and their friends at the Farewell Party on December 30 to the Rev. Neander Anderton, B.A., and Mrs. Anderton, on their removal to Monton. After tea the chair was taken by Mr. T. Fletcher Robinson (Chairman of the Church Committee), who, in opening the meeting, said that to speak of Mr. and Mrs. Anderton, everything could be said that was good, and he referred to the varied services rendered by them in all the departments of the church, and to the absence of a tone of complaint right from the commencement of Mr. Anderton's ministry. They could only then realise the many services which had been rendered to them, and the able preaching they had been able to sit under, for which, he thought, they ought to be extremely thankful. In all his experience with the Unitarian body, he had never had such a time of joy and delight in connection with religious services, as he had had during the period Mr. Anderton had been with them. Their Minister was going because his merits were recognised in a wider circle than their own. He looked forward with great confidence to the same success, in a larger sphere, meeting Mr. Anderton's services at Monton. The Rev. Charles Peach (President of the District Association), said it had been a privilege to all of them to have Mr. Anderton in the district. They had all felt a quickening of their work through their association with him, and the Pendleton friends ought to be grateful that they had had him with them for so long. He trusted that Mr. Anderton's work at Monton would be as successful as it had been at Pendleton, and hoped that he would be succeeded—if it were possible—by a man who would take up the work in the same spirit. The Rev. A. O. Broadley (of the Cross-lane Bible Christian Church), in a friendly speech, brought the sympathy of his own church to the congregation, and wished Mr. and Mrs. Anderton God-speed in their new work. Mr. Jonathan Milner, morning superintendent of the Sunday-school, and the oldest

member of the congregation, having spoken a few words of good wishes and gratitude, Mr. J. Wigley (afternoon superintendent of the Sunday-school) made the presentation of a beautiful timepiece on behalf of the congregation and Sunday-school, and a letter from the Sunday-school to Mr. and Mrs. Anderton. In doing so, he spoke of the intimate relations of trust and complete harmony which had subsisted from the first between Mr. Anderton and himself and the Church Committee. Those emblems of their affectionate leave-taking represented the desire of all worshipping at Cross-lane, to mark their sincere appreciation and gratitude of the joint work of Mr. Anderton and his good wife during nearly five years' pastorate of singular felicity and much prosperity. The gifts, which were of little intrinsic value, were not the measure of the congregation's appreciation of their feelings towards Mr. and Mrs. Anderton; they were but tokens. The time-piece bore an inscription testifying to the feeling of the congregation towards Mr. and Mrs. Anderton, and the letter from the officers and teachers of the Sunday-school, which was read by Mr. F. J. Shirley, the secretary, spoke more fully of the same warm feeling, and of their grateful appreciation of much devoted work and fostering care. Mr. Anderton, in accepting the gifts on behalf of himself and his wife, said that they had set him an exceedingly difficult task to adequately thank them for their gifts, and still more for their exceeding and overwhelming kindness since it became known that he was going to Monton; because, after all, he had only done his duty, and what he ought to have done. At the same time it was a great encouragement both to himself and his wife to have the many expressions of appreciation which had fallen from so many lips that evening, and he was exceedingly glad, especially on his wife's account. He was always in the public eye, and what he did was very easily and readily observed, in the pulpit or wherever he was, but much of his wife's work was done at home, and he was very thankful to her for the way in which she had supported him. Much as the outlook into the future was bright to him from many points of view, that did not all diminish the pain and regret he felt from having to sever himself from the work at Cross-lane. They were just, he believed, on the rise of a wave which would have carried them forward successfully, and the consolation he had as he left them was that the wave would still move on to success. He could not indeed have accepted a call to go elsewhere, had he not been absolutely certain that he was not indispensable to the work at Cross-lane. He could not have had five years of such work and such service as that, in company with such men as they had, without feeling the very deepest pain on having to separate, even in that partial way, from amongst them. He was glad to remember that he was only going a little way off, and the personal ties and friendships would not be lost. Mr. Anderton went on to offer words of affectionate exhortation to the congregation as to their future, and in conclusion said that he and his wife went from there carrying with them the sweetest memories, and the dearest friendships, and the happiest recollections of any that they had up to that time experienced; and trusted that in the years to come the people at Cross-lane would go on and rejoice with their success and their prosperity, and that both of them would keep sacred the work that they had done there together. "I bid you farewell, most affectionately, on behalf of my wife and myself," were his closing words. The proceedings terminated by the choir singing "Auld Lang Syne," in which the audience joined, and the pronouncing of the Benediction by Mr. Anderton.

**Marple.**—At a meeting held after the service on Sunday evening last, at which the Rev. H. E. Dowson, B.A., was present, it was unanimously decided to continue the services, and if possible to meet in future in a room of the newly-erected Girls' Institute.

**Mottram.**—Over 400 attended the Christmas party on Christmas Day, 350 being at tea. On New Year's Eve there was a social in the school, followed by a watch-night service. The Sunday-school has had to be closed temporarily, owing to cases of infectious disease in the district, and children prohibited from attending the chapel services. On Sunday, Dec. 27, the

Rev. H. Bodell Smith addressed the P.S.A. at a Wesleyan Chapel.

**Poole.**—At the Sunday-school treat and prize-giving last Monday evening, at which the prizes were given by Alderman Chas. Carter, J.P., a very satisfactory growth of members was reported, there having been only 17 names on the roll this time last year and now 38. Some time ago a sacred cantata, "Night and Morning," was most effectively rendered on a week evening in the church by the choir, with some outside help, and in compliance with a strong and widespread wish it would have been repeated on a Sunday evening had not the illness of the organist necessitated a postponement.

**Sidmouth.**—At the Old Meeting, on Sunday, the Rev. W. Agar made sympathetic reference to the death of Mrs. S. Woolcott Browne, of London, who had rendered long and honourable service on behalf of many good causes and noble institutions. The names of Carslake and Browne, he said, had been for many years intimately, honourably, and generously connected with that ancient place of worship, and Mrs. Woolcott Browne had worthily upheld that old family tradition.

**Stalybridge (Appointment).**—Mr. Walter Short, B.A., senior student of the Unitarian Home Missionary College, Manchester, has received and accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the Unitarian Chapel, in succession to the Rev. W. G. Price.

**Stockport.**—The Rev. B. C. Constable delivered his annual address to young men and women last Sunday evening, based on the motto of the Lend-a-Hand Clubs: "Look up and not down, look forward and not back, look out and not in, and lend a hand."

**Stockton-on-Tees.**—Two recent Guild Lectures, one by the Rev. A. Hall, of Newcastle, on "The Martineau Family," the other by Rev. W. H. Lambelle, of Middlesbrough, on "The Divine Comedy," were much appreciated.

**Wakefield (Appointment).**—Mr. W. T. Davies, of the Home Missionary College, Manchester, has received and accepted a cordial invitation to succeed the Rev. Andrew Chalmers as minister of Westgate Chapel. He hopes to commence his duties immediately after the close of the present college session. At the request of the trustees and congregation Mr. Chalmers has agreed to assist in carrying on the work of the chapel and school during the interval.

**Whitchurch, Salop.**—On Sunday, Dec. 20, the teachers and scholars at the Church of the Saviour presented to Mr. George Groom a silk umbrella, with his name engraved on a silver band, as a small recognition of his 25 years' ungrudging services as superintendent.

**York (Resignation).**—The Rev. R. H. Greaves has resigned the pulpit of St. Saviour-gate Chapel.

## OUR CALENDAR.

It is requested that notice of any alteration in the Calendar be sent to the Publisher not later than Thursday Afternoon.

SUNDAY, January 10.

### LONDON.

Acton, Creffield-road, 11.15 and 7, Rev. ARTHUR HURN.  
 Bermondsey, Fort-road, 7, Rev. J. HIPPERSON.  
 Blackfriars Mission and Stamford-street Chapel, 11 and 7, Rev. J. C. BALLANTYNE.  
 Brixton, Unitarian Christian Church, Effra-road, 11, Rev. G. C. CRESSEY, D.D.; 7, Rev. T. E. M. EDWARDS.  
 Child's Hill, All Souls', Weech-road, Finchley-road, 11.15 and 6.30, Rev. EDGAR DAPLYN.  
 Croydon, Free Christian Church, Wellesley-road, 11 and 7, Rev. W. J. JUPP.  
 Deptford, Church-street, 11.15 and 6.30, Rev. A. J. MARCHANT.  
 Essex Church, The Mall, Notting Hill Gate, 11 and 6.30, Rev. FRANK K. FREESTON.  
 Forest Gate, corner of Dunbar-road, Upton-lane, 11, Mr. INGE; 6.30, Rev. H. WOODS PERRIS.  
 Hackney, New Gravel Pit Church, Chatham-place, 11.15 and 7, Rev. H. RAWLINGS, M.A.



Hampstead, Rosslyn-hill Chapel, 11.15 and 6.30, Rev. HENRY GOW, B.A.  
 Highgate-hill, Unitarian Christian Church, 11 and 7, Rev. A. A. CHARLESWORTH.  
 Ilford, Unitarian Christian Church, High-road, 11, Mr. W. RUSSELL; 7, Rev. G. C. CHESSEY, D.D.  
 Islington, Unity Church, Upper-street, 11 and 7, Rev. E. SAVELL HICKS, M.A.  
 Kentish Town, Clarence-road, N.W., 11.15 and 7, Rev. F. HANKINSON.  
 Kilburn, Quex-road, 11 and 7, Rev. CHARLES ROGER, B.A.  
 Lewisham, Unitarian Christian Church, High-street, 11 and 7, Rev. W. W. C. POPE.  
 Little Portland-street Chapel, 11.15 and 7, Rev. W. WOODING, B.A.  
 Mansford-street Church and Mission, Bethnal Green, 7, Rev. GORDON COOPER, B.A.  
 Peckham, Avondale-road, 11, Rev. JESSE HIPPERSON; 6.30, Rev. D. DELTA EVANS.  
 Richmond, Free Church, Ormond-road, 11.15 and 3.30, Rev. J. ARTHUR PEARSON.  
 Stoke Newington Green, 11.15 and 7, Dr. F. W. G. FOAT, M.A.  
 Stratford Unitarian Church, 11, P.S.M., Mr. PETTINGER; 6.30, Mr. S. P. PENWARDEN.  
 Wandsworth Unitarian Christian Church, East Hill, 11, Rev. W. E. WILLIAMS; and 7, Rev. W. G. TARRANT, B.A.  
 Wimbledon, Smaller Worpole Hall, 11, Rev. W. G. TARRANT; 7, Rev. W. E. WILLIAMS.  
 Wood Green, Unity Church, 11 and 7, Rev. Dr. MUMMEY.  
 Woolwich, Carmel Chapel, Anglesea-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. L. JENKINS JONES.

ABERYSTWYTH, New Street Meeting House, 11 and 6.30, E. GLYN EVANS.  
 BATH, Trim-street Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. M. LLOYD THOMAS.  
 BLACKPOOL, Dickson-road, North Shore, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. ROBERT MCGEE.  
 BLACKPOOL, South Shore Unitarian Free Church, Lytham-road South, 11 and 6.30.  
 BOURNEMOUTH, Unitarian Church, West Hill-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. C. C. COE.  
 BRIGHTON, Free Christian Church, New-road, 11 and 7, Rev. PRIESTLEY PRIME.  
 BUXTON, Hartington-road Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. GEORGE STREET.  
 CANTERBURY, Ancient Chapel, Blackfriars, 10.50, Rev. J. H. SMITH.  
 CHESTER, Matthew Henry's Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. D. JENKIN EVANS.  
 DOVER, Adrian-street, near Market-square, 11 and 6.30, Rev. C. A. GINEVER, B.A.  
 DUBLIN, Stephen's Green West, 12, Rev. G. HAMILTON VANCE, B.D.  
 GUILDFORD, Ward-street Church, North-street, 11 and 6.30, Mr. GEORGE WARD.  
 HASTINGS, South Terrace, Queen's-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. S. BURROWS.  
 HORSHAM, Free Christian Church, Worthing-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. J. MARTEN.  
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### SOUTH AFRICA.

CAPETOWN, Free Protestant (Unitarian) Church, Hout-street, 6.45, Rev. RAMSDEN BALMFORTH.

### MARRIAGE.

YOUNG—HANKINSON.—On December 28, at Rowberrow Church, Somerset, Francis B. Young, M.B. (of Brixham), to Jessie, daughter of John Hankinson, of Alvechurch, Worcestershire.

### DEATHS.

ARMSTRONG.—On December 23, 1908, at 69, Upper Leeson-street, Dublin, Annie, daughter of the late Rev. George Allman Armstrong, of Dublin.

LEWIN.—On December 22, at Droydsden, Percy, eldest son of George Walter and Annie Lewin, in his 20th year.

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Subscriptions will be gratefully received by the Treasurer, Mr. H. G. PROCTOR, 18, Lower Park Road, Hastings.

### CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

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